

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE "WAR OF RACES."

THE CONFLICT IN TENNESSEE—THE "REGULATORS" SHOOTING BLACKS NEAR TRENTON, IN GIBSON COUNTY.—SKETCHED BY W. WEBB METZ.—SEE PAGE 23



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

### OUR NEW STORY.

MR. FRANK LESLIE has the pleasure of informing his readers that he will soon present in this journal the first chapters of a new story, entitled

### "AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade o' Grass," "Griff," "Joshua Marvel," "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," "Golden Grain," and "Jessie Trim."

The welcome with which Mr. Farjeon's former stories have been received in all parts of the world shows that he has succeeded to the popularity once enjoyed by Charles Dickens. This last story is a marvel of fiction. It has been written expressly for

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

and will appear only in this journal. It is the best story of the year. We give the titles to the chapters of Part First:

### "AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON."

#### PART FIRST—THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

- I.  
SILVER CREEK TOWNSHIP.
- II.  
HOW BABY OBTAINED HER SHARE IN THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.
- III.  
THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE, AND WHAT PART BABY TOOK IN THE PERFORMANCES.
- IV.  
MR. HART SEARCHES FOR A GOLDEN REEF.
- V.  
PHILIP'S RIDE FOR FLOWERS FOR MARGARET.
- VI.  
ROMEO AND JULIET.
- VII.  
"AH, PHILIP, MY SON! I ALSO HAVE A GIRL WHOM I LOVE."
- VIII.  
"I AM GOING TO SPEAK OUT," SAID PHILIP.
- IX.  
"WHAT IF THERE ARE VILLAINS AND SCOUNDRELS IN THE WORLD!" HE CRIED; "WE WILL NEVER LOSE OUR FAITH IN GOD AND MAN—NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!"
- X.  
"THIS IS LIKE THE DAWN OF LIFE, MY SWEET."
- XI.  
THE CHRISTENING OF "THE WILLIAM SMITH."
- XII.  
NATURE PUNISHES THE THIEF.
- XIII.  
WILLIAM SMITH'S AMBITION.
- XIV.  
MR. HART DECIDES TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.
- XV.  
THEY FLEW LIKE MADMEN INTO THE TOWN.
- XVI.  
DRIVEN BY LOVE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.
- XVII.  
"DEAR OLD FELLOW! GOD BLESS MARGARET AND YOU!"

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having received numerous letters of inquiry as to parties claiming to represent FRANK LESLIE'S "LADY'S JOURNAL," giving their names as "Mrs. Parker," "Mrs. Clarke," "Mrs. Brouer," "Mrs. Allen," etc., "No. 8 Spruce Street, New York City," this is to give notice that they are impostors—as I do not employ lady agents. Any one attempting to collect subscriptions for either of my Publications, or to form Agencies for the sale of my Patterns without a written authorization in due form, is an impostor, and if detected will be prosecuted.

FRANK LESLIE.

### HAMILTON FISH.

WHEN, in 1869, General Grant opened to public view that queer budget of secrets which contained his Cabinet nominations, no name struck the ear of the intelligent portion of the community more grotesquely than that of the new Secretary of State, Mr. Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois. And the curiosity of the hour was further piqued when, a few weeks later, the nominations to the principal places being made, Mr. Washburne slipped his pocket-dictionary into his coat-tail and set off to represent the American Republic at what was then the most brilliant and the most astute Court of Europe, the Court of the Emperor of the French. Then General Grant called to his councils Mr. Hamilton Fish of New York, and that gentleman, not perhaps without some misgivings, responded to the call. The work that awaited him was formidable. The Alabama claims, complicated by the failure of an honest attempt at settlement, had become a hopeless puzzle to nine tenths of the public men of both countries, while to the people of both they remained a standing source of irritation and exasperation. The question promised a brilliant reputation to whoever should set it at rest, but the promise was accompanied with a sullen threat of war. On our Southern coast lay the running sore of Cuban revolution, kept alive largely by contributions from our own midst, which must either be suppressed as illegal or recognized, as the first step in a foreign war. Europe was darkening with the shadow of a war-cloud that mounted high above the horizon, and the limits of whose devastation, when it broke, no one could foretell, while in any European war the question of the rights and duties of neutrals—a question deeply important to the United States at all times, and especially so at that moment, by reason of its bearing on the Alabama difficulty—must of necessity be involved.

Mr. Fish brought to his work some admirable helps. He was free from the petty ambition of the politician. He was possessed of a fortune and a social position quite in keeping with the mode of life demanded by his new duties. His wife was qualified to sustain him in those indefinable, but important, adjuncts that fell to her share. His acquaintance with public men of his own country was both intimate and extended, while it was wholly uncomplicated with the relations that grew out of political intrigues. To diplomatic history he had given the close attention of a candid and active, though not penetrating, mind.

His personal qualities are far superior in many regards to those of his immediate predecessors, and partake of the character that Webster and Marcy had made traditional in the office. His health is good, and he is of an industrious habit, able if not "to scorn delights," to "live laborious days." His mind is, as we have said, active, and possessed of a certain patient and sustained energy which prevents the elaborate delays of diplomacy from wearying, or its innumerable by-plays and involutions from diverting him. He seems to have a genuine taste for diplomatic thought and policy. In appearance Mr. Fish is also fortunate. Tall, with a large head and marked features, an easy carriage, a natural kindness and considerateness of manner which loses nothing by cultivation, and a rich, well-modulated voice, his bearing is impressive in any company.

It is probable that at this moment the great work of Mr. Fish's administration is done, and that, unless new Spanish troubles arise, he will not be called on for anything more than the routine duties of his department. It is, therefore, a favorable time to estimate the value of his services, and to attempt to fix in some degree the position he will occupy in the history of American diplomacy. Our own impression is that his success has been prematurely judged, and that it has been unduly praised on the one hand, and rashly ridiculed on the other. His reputation will, of course, rest mainly on the settlement of the Alabama claims. In this he deserves credit for having obtained from Great Britain compensation for immense claims of a most difficult nature, which had been dreadfully muddled by Mr. Seward; and for having done this without war or the threat of war. It was a splendid achievement. Whatever may be the drawbacks to it, those who know how often the two great English-speaking nations trod on the perilous verge of a conflict that would have laid waste a million homes and planted a century of bitterness in the heart of each people, and to those who know also the fidelity, the patience, the pure conscientiousness with which the

task was conducted, the result can never seem small.

Yet it is impossible to deny errors of a very gross nature in the prosecution of the work. The essence of the negotiation lay in securing from Great Britain the acknowledgment of the "Three Rules," and the consent to have her conduct judged by these as if they had existed during the war of the rebellion. The substance of these rules as contained in the first two is; that a neutral Government is bound (1) to use "due diligence" to prevent the preparation within, or departure from, her jurisdiction of any vessel intended to carry on war with a friendly power; and (2) to prevent her ports from being used for aid in warlike designs by a belligerent. These seem reasonable rules. They are based on the invariable doctrine and practice of the American Government, and to either English or Americans they are not in themselves either obscure or liable to perversion. It is probable that a joint commission of the two nations could have applied them with very little trouble. But they were not so treated. They were referred for application to a tribunal made up by the contestants, and by the King of Italy, the Emperor of Brazil, and the Swiss Confederation. To this tribunal was also sent a trio of sharp lawyers, and the acute Mr. Bancroft Davis, to expound what the United States meant by "due diligence" in observing neutrality. The tribunal was prepared by its European training enormously to exaggerate the police power of a central government, and the American lawyers were found ready to lay before them an estimate of what a free government could reasonably be expected to do in controlling its citizens, which was, to say the least, extraordinary. When the case was opened, it was found that our Government not only made a very exacting definition of "due diligence," but claimed from the neutral who failed to observe that "diligence," damages of an utterly ruinous character. And here were the two serious errors of Mr. Fish. As the representative of a neutral power, having enormous difficulties to contend with in enforcing neutrality, it was his plain duty not to exaggerate, for a temporary gain, the responsibility that a neutral could be justly called on to assume. And, second, having, in the heat of contention, exaggerated the measure of neutral responsibility, it was a terrible blunder to demand penalties for failure in neutrality such as no nation could pay and live. It is the explanation of the State Department, we believe, that when the indirect claims were presented, they were presented for the purpose of obtaining a definite and adverse decision on them. But if this were the truth, never was a more round-about and dangerous path taken to attain an end that lay straight in front.

The verdict on Mr. Fish's administration must be, therefore, we think, that he has gained a great immediate victory at the expense of some serious embarrassments for the country in future. He has shown devotion, skill, tact and intellectual force and acuteness; but he lacks in the breadth of view and in the foresight which, within reasonable limits, see the end from the beginning, and do not sacrifice the future to the present. But this verdict does not prevent the conviction that his is by far the noblest figure that has yet appeared in General Grant's councils.

### THE SOUTHERN CONTEST.

EVEN the cool-headed and obstinate Nation must begin to acknowledge that the telegraphic reports of shootings and wounding and homicides in some of the Southern States were not all merely electioneering falsehoods. Contests have really occurred, and dozens of men, black and white, have been killed. So bad and so threatening are the disorders, that the President has been induced to use the military arm of the Government to preserve order where there is fighting and where fighting is promised. The case is a most alarming one. It is true, as the Tribune and the Nation intimated, that the approaching elections have some connection with the ugly events,—but not wholly as a bugbear and a scarecrow. The elections are one of the occasions for precipitating the strife. The Southern white is rousing from that political and social torpor in which, from despair or of stinacy or fatuity he has lain ever since the defeat of the Rebellion. He desires again to take part in the political control of certain States in the Union. They were once his possession under other conditions; he believes that he should regain possession under the altered circumstances. His desire is not blameworthy. The most earnest Radical in Congress would not deny either the privilege of the franchise or the right of office to the great mass of whites in the South.

But the white finds that political power is in the hands of men who are his opposites in color and in political faith; and that the Slave States are ruled by ex-slaves. The contest is both social and political, and though, in these columns we have counseled forbearance on the part of the whites, and the careful use of the blacks as political factors, we do not plainly comprehend how the white and the black can unite in affairs of Government so long as there is no social unity. The only white man who can control the negro in political action is he who meets socially with him, and thus becomes an outcast from

Southern white society. Such a man is called a carpetbagger, if he comes from the North, or a scallawag if he is a native of the South. He earns political power at the price of social position. It is for himself to decide whether the power is worth the price, and whether the society of the black is as desirable to him as the society of the white.

But it is vain to suppose that any Civil Rights Law can compel social unity. And while we cannot perceive how, by any arts of social pettifoggery, the Law in its provisions concerning hotels, theatres, schools, and other public places, could be disobeyed, unless by a classification of seats, rooms, and departments, it is certain that men like Jefferson Davis who have respect for the relationship which they once held with the ebony "two young roses that are twins" of their nurses, they will never clasp the dusky waist and hand at a colored firemen's ball, for political preferment. The whites who love their dear, dark old mummies are safe in chronicling their introduction at that infantile period of life when they were hungry and had no choice. The races are separate, and so they will remain. The black will give political power to the Southern white only at the price with which it has been purchased by the carpetbaggers. In the mind of the black, by a certain intuitive sense of the laws of trade, power is a matter of demand and supply.

So far the negro has not used his power well. Nine years of freedom and of political experience have not qualified the gentle barbarian to administer the laws of a great community with wisdom or justice. It is an axiom as old as Democritus that out of nothing nothing can come; and, though it was no fault of the negro's, he was, nine years ago, as near nothing as a citizen or a business man or a lawyer or an artisan as any man could possibly be. The most learned men of his race, men who were to be elevated to responsible offices, could barely more than read and write. It is impossible, then, that South Carolina should have been ruled as well as Hendricks has governed Indiana, or Louisiana have so good a government as belongs to the administration of Allen in Ohio. Against the ignorance and misgovernment of the negro the whites have at last determined to make resistance. They reject social union, and they will not, and can not, have political union with the blacks. Therefore those among the whites who are ignorant, desperate and malicious, have formed "white leagues" or social clubs, for armed conflict, if necessary, with their social and political antagonists. We are bound to say that the more respectable element of white society disapproves these demonstrations. But the feud, armed and social, nevertheless, exists. The problem is whether the negro or the white shall dominate. To the white, defeat means impoverishment; but, in the end, the white cannot be defeated. He will defeat the black, socially and politically; and to the black defeat means not merely abasement, but extirpation. The fate of the Indian is the ultimate fate of the black. Happy for the latter if his "reservation" is a colony in his own continent of Africa.

The immediate problem belongs to the President. He has sent troops to the South to prevent disorder. These troops are under direction of Federal marshals, men who are mainly in sympathy with the political creed of the negro. And the President has been induced to send them to Alabama and South Carolina, where no disorders exist, as well as to Tennessee and Louisiana, where they do exist. But though the President's action may appear half political, it is not likely that violence will cease. Congress, at its next session, will be required to legislate upon measures of government for the South, more important than any which have claimed its attention since the formation of the Constitution. It was easier to raise money and men for the prosecution of the war than it will be to solve the temporary problem of the South. The blacks are Republicans, and the great body of the whites are Democrats, and the contest in Congress will continue under those names on this question. And we believe that the Republican Party will be wise in adhering to its guardianship of the negro. More than the white he requires governmental aid and control. His errors may be corrected, while the errors of the white could hardly be reached. It is plain that General Grant and the Republican leaders, at least the latter, are responsible not only for the wrong-doing, but for the well-doing and the welfare of the black race in the South.

### FEW NUMBER 76.

FOR the last thirty years the religious corporations of the City of New York have gradually vacated their churches in the lower part of the city, and built other and larger ones in more fashionable neighborhoods. Thus it has come to pass that what were once churches have become converted to other and exceedingly alien purposes. Where once the voice of prayer and praise was heard the Post Office clerk now tosses to and fro thousands of worldly letters. The prosperous carriage-maker stores his stock in what was formerly a fashionable church, and the midnight porter drinks beer supplied by the hand of the pretty waiter-girl where but a few years ago



the tuneful Methodist sang the songs of his particular branch of Zion. These changes have been profitable to the religious bodies, who have thereby grown rich and entered into fashionable neighborhoods. Not a thought of uneasiness or remorse disturbed them while thus selling ugly buildings for large sums and heaping up marble temples with the proceeds. But a slow-coming vengeance was gathering. In distant California the avenger was preparing for his attack, and collecting the price of passage to New York. And now, when all thought of the dishonored and perverted down-town churches had faded from their former owners' minds, suddenly appears Mr. William Hastings, of California, and demands a reckoning from them.

Mr. Hastings is, beyond all question, a remarkably pious man. He wants to go to church, and in particular to either the church now occupied as a Post Office or that which stands desolate and empty at the corner of Fulton and William Streets. In the latter building he claims that he owns Pew No. 76. Into that pew he is determined to go and be preached at. It is understood that Mr. Hastings, dressed in the best clothing that his purse will permit, goes every Sunday at precisely half-past ten to the door of the Fulton Street Church. Finding it locked, he expresses his surprise, and retires to a neighboring hydrant, seated upon which he spends the entire day waiting for the church to be opened, and demanding of passing policemen that he should be immediately shown to Pew No. 76, on the ground-floor. There are other churches open to Mr. Hastings but he will none of them. He would be glad occasionally to attend service at the old Post Office, but as he does not own a pew in that building, he does not insist upon admittance on every Sunday morning. As to the Fulton Street Church, however, he is perfectly clear that since he owns Pew No. 76 he ought to be admitted to it and provided with a proper quantity of sermon. And he does not intend to be satisfied with any ordinary sermon, either. The church was built, as he has ascertained, for the preaching of the evangelical faith in the language of the Netherlands. He insists that this original object shall be carried out, and that he shall be provided with weekly sermons in Dutch, not to speak of Dutch prayers and the singing of Dutch hymns. Wherefore he has brought an action at law to enforce his claims and to compel the purification and rededication of the Fulton Street Church and of the Post Office.

Of course one's first impulse is to smile at Mr. William Hastings's unusual demand for sermons, and to wonder how so curious a thirst for religion and the Dutch language could have been developed in a Californian. But although it may be eccentric for Mr. Hastings to weep daily tears because he is kept out of Pew No. 76, it does not follow that he may not have the law on his side. The law is very uncertain, and religious corporations are not the favorites of the law. If Mr. Hastings can prove that the object of the establishment of a church on Fulton Street was to secure the preaching of Dutch sermons, it is not impossible that the Court will enforce the purpose of the pious founder of the church. If he can show that money has been given and bequeathed in trust to insure the preaching of the gospel in the Post Office, he may compel the Court to turn out the clerks, to disinfect and dedicate the building, and to order, by its mandamus, some respectable Dutch Reformed minister to occupy its reconstructed pulpit.

It may fairly be doubted whether Mr. Hastings would really be as happy as he hopes to be were he to be put in possession of Pew No. 76, with an imported minister from Holland preaching at him from the pulpit, and a choir of Dutch boys piercing his ears with unpronounceable psalms. There would, of course, be a certain proud satisfaction in sitting in the solitary church enjoying what would be practically a monopoly of Dutch ministers, and reflecting that the whole sermon was being preached exclusively for his benefit. To the truly pious Californian mind it would also be a pleasant thought that at the same moment that a Dutch sermon was in progress in Fulton Street Church, an English sermon was reverberating through the tenantless wastes of the old Post Office. No one but Mr. Hastings would, however, attend either service, and in time even that gentleman might find Dutch sermons and an entire absence of new bonnets beginning to pall upon him. But the principle once established that services must be held in the down-town churches, it would be in vain for the repentant Hastings to beg that they should be discontinued. The imported Dutch minister, having been once wound up, so to speak, by the Court, would run on for ever, and ages hence stray policemen would listen with a shudder to the sound of Dutch sermons floating through the cracked windows of the Fulton Street Church, and would curse the memory of the meddling Hastings who had called Dutchmen from the vasty deep and compelled them to edify the wondering rats of that venerable building. The law cannot be made the plaything of a comic Californian. Mr. Hastings cannot enforce preaching in Fulton Street to-day and discontinue it to-morrow. He had better look fully into this matter before he proceeds further. He may compel the owners of the Fulton Street Church to provide him with Dutch sermons; but is he sure that in his turn he may not be compelled to listen to them? If he gains his suit, and if, when

his capacity for Dutch sermons is entirely exhausted, he finds himself finally carried to Pew No. 76 by four policemen, and his attention to the sermon enforced with clubs, he will bitterly regret that he did not remain in the pagan darkness of California, and will look upon Pew No. 76 as the fatal will-o'-the-wisp which lured him to his ruin.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

**THE LAST GAG**—Poland has not been elected. **JUST AS WE SAID**—The Missouri People's Party is composed of Republicans.

**MATT MORGAN** is announced as the art superintendent of the New York Colosseum.

**WHITELAW REID**, is not, as the *Sun* said he was, afflicted with congestion of the brain.

**IN CEYLON** they found a mushroom six feet in circumference. At Long Branch you may see mushrooms six feet tall.

**CHICAGO** has at last got a People's Party. The leading delegates to the State Convention were Messrs. A. Limberg, Emil Dietsch, Hermann Leib, F. A. Jensch and Pat McCloskey.

**CHINESE DOCTORS** prepare a sort of decoction of stramonium for hydrophobia. Stramonium with us has long been considered a poisonous, common weed, doubtfully useful in preparations of salve for burns.

**THE MONEY** demanded for cleaning the streets of New York is a very large sum—over a million of dollars. But it is fair to say that in this year of 1874 the streets have been very clean.

**THE NEW YORK HERALD** editorials page to-day contains the writing of John Russell Young, G. O. Seilhamer, Ivory Chamberlain (formerly of the *World*), John D. Stockton, D. A. Leven, Dr. G. W. Hosmer, and other journalists of less prominence.

**THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE** appointed to consider a plan of government for the District of Columbia does not like any of the methods heretofore employed, but proposes that Congress shall recommend the business of the District to the various departments of the General Government. But the citizens of the District will be deprived of a right to vote directly for its municipal officers. Still, this difficulty may be obviated by the genius of the legislators.

**THE NEW MORNING ADMINISTRATION ORGAN** in the City of New York is to appear Monday, September 21st. Rumor says that its trustees are C. C. Norvell, for a long time the money-writer for the *Times*, E. B. Wesley, one of the original starters of the *Times*; and Congressman T. C. Platt, of the New York delegation. The paper is said to have strong financial backing; and its office will be in the Nassau Street Bennett Building. It will be a double sheet. So far, there seem to be no editors; no prominent newspaper name, except that of Mr. Norvell, connected with the enterprise.

**THE OVERLAND MONTHLY** tells some stories about the San Francisco Hoodlum which upset a few established theories about that species of rowdy. It appears that the Hoodlum does work, but that he insults women and assaults men at night. The same loafer exists everywhere, in peg-top pantaloons, with greasy, puffed hair, a balloon cap, and high-heeled boots. In the East he frequents Coney Island, Jones's Woods, and rural picnics. He joins chowder-clubs and goes to the circus. But we generally make short work of him when he acts outrageously—a fact which he does not give much credit to the police of San Francisco.

**THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD** advises that the national drink shall be cider or applejack, which is really a sensible suggestion, since fair cider may be purchased for less than the price of beer, and good applejack whisky, two or three years old, may be had for less than three dollars a gallon. We hope that the filthy stuff sold for whisky throughout the country will be abandoned. All hail, then—cider for us, and applejack for the editor of the *World*. But let no innocent member of that staff of sublime gamins who dovelat Latin for Democracy in the office of the *World* mix his cider and applejohn into that elegant but dangerous compound called "stone fence."

**BECAUSE WE SAID** some fair words about the Republican Party, the Washington *National Republican*, the Administration organ, affects to sympathize with us, and tells a whopping fib when it says that "the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S is a gentleman who came into politics with a mission to perform"—i. e., the mission of Liberal Republicanism. Why does not the pale and pensive Foley abuse Grant because he was a Galena Democrat, and Butler because he was a Lowell Democrat, and Logan because he was an Illinois Democrat, and the dozens of others of his party who now and then have a good word to say for Republicanism? But that is the way with pig-headed R-publicans. We recently asked a Republican official to give us some documents in support of the Republican Address, and he turned upon us and wondered what the dickens one could want with anything but the Address itself; as if everybody must accept the dictum of the Republican Party. Foley, be reasonable, and you will be happy.

**THEODORE TILTON** should have been a prize-fighter instead of a divinity. He could have smashed the ends of Barne Aaron or Billy Edwards much more effectually than he did those of his disciples. After that splendid knock-down which he gave to Bessie Turner, and the grace with which he said to his opponent, "You slipped, did you?" we have been in ecstasies over the manner in which he might have thumped the champion of England and have spared the poor fellow's feelings by saying, "Oh! you struck your nose against my fist, did you?" Then the way in which he would have carried his antagonist about the ring, while said antagonist, in complete ring costume, was lying gently and unconsciously in his arms

would have been an improvement on the present brutal mode of getting in chancery or of cross-buttock. Fancy Theodore gently lying on the ground with the late Fenicia Boy eating off his ear, and poetical sighing: that he was lonesome! Or fancy him as a second, with Susan on his knee, waiting for the timer to call time! It is too much. "Of all sad words—" but words and Whittier fail us.

**JEFFERSON DAVIS**, commenting on the "War of Races," has said as follows: "It now rests with you to show to the world that you are incapable of secret crime; that you hate the men who wear the mask or black the face, and that whatever is necessary for the public peace you will do in an open manner with the visor raised and the helmet open. The colored people require the white man to provide for and look after them now as much as they ever did. Now, there are men who think that in the event of a war of races that the blacks would be exterminated, and that we would then have a happy and roscate future. I have no sympathy with those men. The negroes were my friends in the olden time, and took care of our wives and children and homes in the time of war. They brought this grand Mississippi valley into cultivation, and are the only ones, I think, that can or will be ever able to successfully cultivate it. But I don't intend to touch upon a question upon which every man has already an opinion. I have no feeling against the colored men. The only indignation which I feel is against those white men who have carried them into the position which they now occupy. Let us have our vengeance against them, not against the poor blacks."

**THE CHICAGO DAILY TIMES** says that there may be people who will be interested in the matter of the cost of making the *Times*. For the gratification of such, we append tables of the actual weekly expenditures of the *Times* establishment for the weeks respectively ending August 8th and August 15th, ult.:

	Week ending August 8th.	Week ending August 15th.
Paper.....	\$3,684 85	\$4,168 85
Typesetting.....	1,702 30	1,747 40
Editorial.....	995 00	1,137 00
Correspondence.....	702 50	602 00
Telegraph tolls.....	1,246 65	1,091 67
Press-room.....	209 00	202 25
Delivery-room.....	166 00	166 00
Stereotyping.....	100 00	110 00
Counting-room.....	169 00	169 00
Rent.....	270 00	270 00
Miscellaneous.....	127 50	123 00
Total.....	\$9,372 40	\$9,787 17

These are exact figures taken from the *Times* books. Large as the sums for telegraph tolls are, they often exceed these amounts, reaching, sometimes, fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred dollars per week. This is notably the case during the sessions of Congress and the State Legislatures. It seems that this estimate is rather large; but it is not in the nature of publishers to undervalue expenses—on paper. The item for paper gives the *Times* a large circulation.

**THE ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL** will create a discussion which will last for months to come. The words upon which the issue will be made are these: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter, which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professional reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life. The 'materialism' here enunciated may be different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. 'The question of an eternal world,' says Mr. J. S. Mill, 'is the great battleground of metaphysics.' Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to possibilities of sensation. Kant, as we have seen, made time and space 'forms' of our own institutions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature and all that it inherits an apparition of his own mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear and see and touch and taste and smell are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's-breadth, we cannot go. The anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a fact but an inference, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who thinks that the world really is what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere symbols of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no very rank materialism here."

**THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE** out West need not be without its benefits. The grasshoppers are a plague, no doubt, for the Rev. Mr. Hanlon of the M. E. Church tells us of them, and adds that all flesh is grass. But grasshoppers are locusts, and do we not read that St. John ate locusts and wild honey? Now that the locust-hoppers of Iowa and Minnesota have

taken the very wheat-bread out of the mouths of the farmers, why may not the latter turn to and eat the grasshoppers? If St. John could like them with honey, why may not Mr. McCrary or Mr. Carpenter, if he wants to be a good granger, begin the political campaign by harvesting a few hundred bushels, and eating them during the Winter? Wild honey may be scarce, but good New Orleans molasses would do nearly as well. If we cannot have wheat, let us by all means have grasshoppers and molasses, i. e. locusts and wild honey. In support of our advice we copy some timely notes from the *Kansas City Journal*, which come to us none too late to be of service: "It may sound disgusting to our readers, but the fact is that the red-legged grasshopper that is now scourging portions of the West is classed by naturalists among the 'edible insects.' Matt. Foster & Co. have laid out on our table a little twenty-five cent pamphlet of the 'Half-hour Recreations in Natural History' series, which treats of our pests very fully. They are first-cousins to the locusts that were sent upon the Egyptians when Pharaoh was oppressing the children of Israel—the *Catantopus femur-rubrum*. The Arabs eat them as a staple article of food at times, or, as the writer says, 'while they eat up every green thing, the natives adopt the sensible course of devouring them in turn'—and the Arab is disgusted with raw oysters. 'After being partially roasted, the locusts are eaten fresh, or they are dried in the hot ashes, and then stored away for future emergencies. They also reduced them to a powder or meal, by means of two stones or a wooden mortar, which is mixed with water, producing a kind of soup or stirabout.' The writer says he has tasted this, but while he doesn't admire the food, it contains 'a vast deal of nourishment, since the poor people thrive wonderfully on them.' So much for the edible character of the grasshopper. It appears to be confined to no certain locality. In 1871 it was very destructive in Maine. It has appeared in countless swarms in Texas. When they appear they can only be kept under by the concerted action of the farmers. They can be gathered by the bushel, thrown into hot water, and fed to hogs, which are very fond of them treated in this way, and not only eat them with avidity, but fatten rapidly upon the diet. The wingless larvae appear in June, and should they appear next year from the eggs of the present swarms, the hay should be cut early. But they are very capricious, and often take wing without apparent cause, and leave as suddenly as they appear. The best thing about them, if there is any good at all, is the infrequency of their visits. In this part of Missouri they had not appeared for forty years prior to 1866—this time it has been eight years between their visits. They are phenomenal, and may not be known again for a generation."

**PROFESSOR TYNDALL** has put himself down flat-footed in favor of materialism. The religious world is therefore agitated and bewildered, as if scientific men were not every year getting further and further away from the idea of divine government. The religious people, however, are becoming liberalized, and there is a broad disposition to accept scientific theories, that of geological chronology and that of the natural selection of the species, as if religion could not be harmed by them. We notice, too, a disposition to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, as if, indeed, it were a scientific religion, as mediums like Mr. Holmes and Dr. Slade may be able to testify. Probably they are abused less than they were. And there are reasons for these changes. During the last twenty-five years people have gradually yielded abstractions, and with the scientists of the Darwin school, have sought causes and reasons in types of things. Faith must to most of us be really the substance of things hoped for. Has not Mr. Belt given us a lost Atlantis from out the translucent Caribbean Sea? and have we not discovered the living antiquities of America—the Aztecs—enjoying peacefully the faith of Montezuma at our very doors? These are all types, and we are satisfied with nothing less. It is hardly possible for an Agassiz to convince us of the glacia theory until he has shown us the abraded stones. Mankind have come to look upon Eve as a nude poem, and the fig-leaf as a figure of speech, while the sight of a monkey makes even a railway brakeman talk about his enemy's grandfather. It is this spirit which compels Bennett to think of finding the North Pole, and the antiquaries to discover the American aborigine in China. To the average person, despite the jeers of the critics, phrenology has many charms, and people are fond of looking for a man's character in his bumps. Half the newspaper correspondents spend their time in telling us that Grant has a determined fowl, and Colfax a cast-iron smile, and that Matt Carpenter walks the streets like Barnum's balloon. Physiognomy, too, has its share of devotees; most everybody likes to be known for his ability to read human nature by the signs of the face; and a common man may say of another, "he is mercenary, because he is thick through the bridge of his nose." They tell us that a book on reading character by the creases in the palm of a man's hand has gone through several editions in Paris, and that the "line of life" will tell of our vicissitudes, and the "line of the heart" how many loves a man shall have. It is no wonder, then, that "Katie King," who professes to materialize herself out of the dead past, should attract the attention of people, that the automatic slate-writing and physical appearances given in presence of the medium, should compel debate, or that the cabinet demonstrations of the Davenport brothers should work for marvelous amusement. It has come to pass, as Professor Tyndall hints, that men are likely to think much without evidence, but to believe and profess only what they see. And men may be wrong, because Sir William Hamilton sawed a skull in two and declared any phrenology impossible; and Professor Tyndall pooh-poohed spiritualism; and a scientist in Liverpool "manifested" with an electrical battery; and the fortune-tellers and clairvoyants of Chicago did not know enough beforehand to pack up and avoid the fire. But, then, as soon as they saw that the flames were a type of something burning, they took out, illustrating our much-loved figure, which may be applicable to all the isms and ologies, "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



PRINCE DON ALFONSO DE BOURBON.



ASIA MINOR.—EXCAVATIONS OF DR. SCHLIEMANN ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT TROY.



EGYPT.—THE MOHAMMEDAN CEREMONY OF THE DOSËH AT CAIRO.

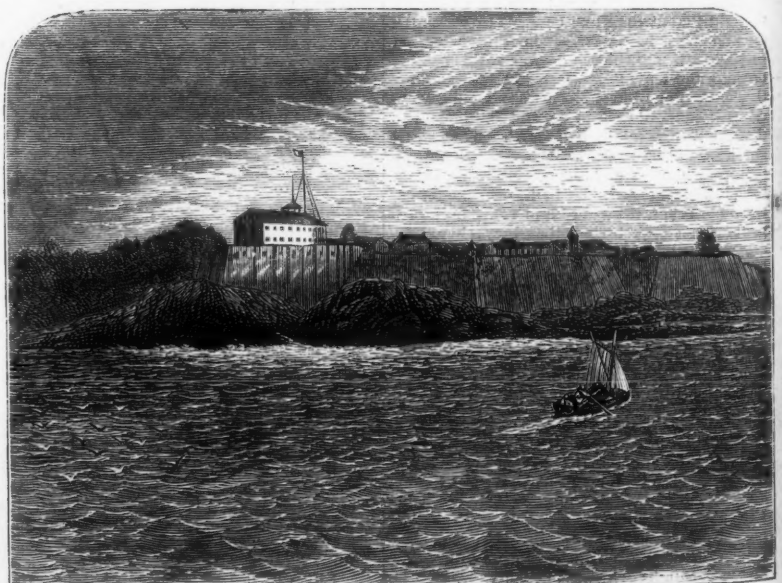


MILAN—ITALY.—THE VICTOR EMMANUEL GALLERY—THE GREAT COVERED STREET.



MADAME BAZAINE.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

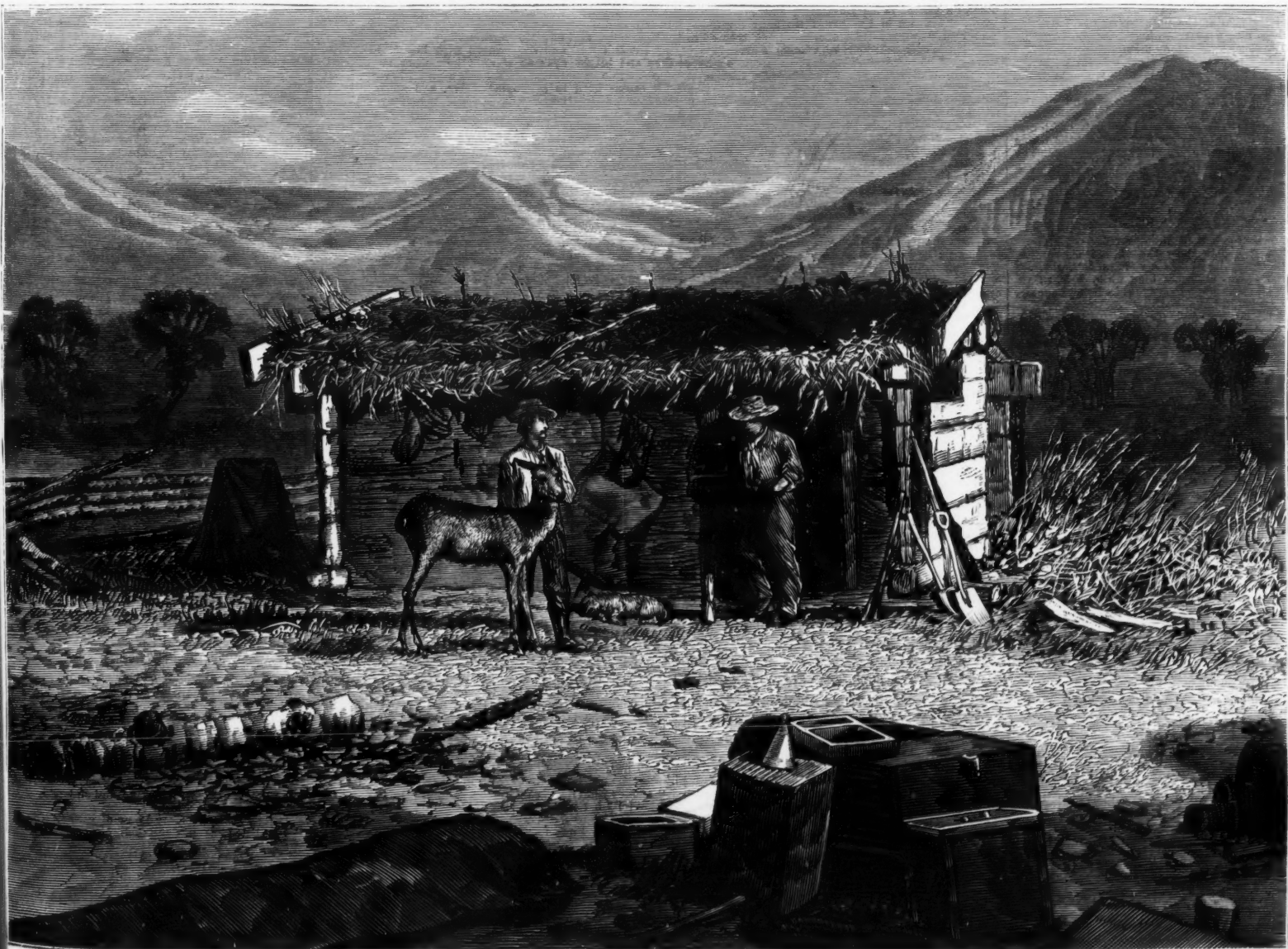


FRANCE—CANNES.—THE ISLAND AND FORTRESS OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE, FROM WHICH MARSHAL BAZAINE ESCAPED.





PROFESSOR HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—PACKERS "SINCHING" UP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON.—SEE PAGE 23.



PROFESSOR HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—MAJOR FEAR'S RANCH ON THE YELLOWSTONE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON.—SEE PAGE 23.



## DORA WORDSWORTH.

ONLY a sister's part—yes, that was all, and yet her life was bright and full and free. She did not feel, "I give up all for him," she only knew, "Tis mine his friend to be."

So what she saw and felt the poet sang—She did not seek the world should know her share; Her one great hunger was for "William's" fame, To give his thoughts a voice her life-long prayer.

And when with wife and child his days were crowned, She did not feel that she was left alone, Glad in their joy, she shared their every care, And only thought of baby as "our own."

His "dear, dear sister," that was all she ask'd, Her gentle ministry her only fame; But when we read this page with grateful heart, Between the lines we'll see our Dora's name.

## AN ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER II. — (CONTINUED).

"Oh, no, no!" Laure pleaded, in a frenzied tone of voice, and covering her beautiful face with her hands. But Maurice Legarde knew his advantage, and showed no sign of relenting.

"I say, 'Yes,'" he replied. "It is a good thing to make a gratifying acquaintance; and to renew it, after this lapse of time, and when I scarcely hoped for the pleasure—that is a good thing too, a better thing perhaps." And Maurice Legarde paused, as if he enjoyed the pain he was inflicting. "Let me call to mind," he resumed, presently. "It was a bright morning like this—which is a coincidence—when the citizens of—need I say where, to show you that I am not an impostor? No? Well, then, I won't say where, for I am a careful man, and careful people nowadays mind what they are about."

"Monsieur—citizen—I must be gone. Let me go for pity's sake!" she said, starting up.

"Nay, citizenne, I can't do that—unless, indeed, you wish that the Republic One and Indivisible should take you into her keeping instead of myself."

She went back to her seat and hid her face in her hands as if she would shut out some hideous sight. "Morbleu! that's an interruption. Where was I? When the citizens received an invitation from those placed in authority by the Republic One and Indivisible to repair on a certain morning to a certain place. It was a curious invitation, and the good citizens, or rather the citizens, for they were not by any means good, were in a strange flutter about it. They knew that they had many times deserved punishment, and were always expecting it would come some day. Many of these precious citizens had grave doubts about keeping that appointment, but then it is awkward to play with the Republic, and it might have happened that staying at home would have proved worse than going, and so they went."

"The wretches!" chimed in the old woman, who was dozing by the fire, without understanding what it was all about.

"Poor wretches, indeed," laughed Maurice. "I think I see them now standing there by the thousand, cooped up in one field, wondering what on earth would happen next, and every one looking at his neighbor, but afraid to say what he thought, lest the neighbor, honest soul, should inform upon him. Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! the wretches!" chimed in the old woman.

And then, after the unfortunates had worried themselves into a fever with fear, something did happen—something uncommonly unpleasant did happen."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old woman; "the wretches!"

"A large body of troops happened, and cannon happened, and a pointing of muskets happened, and a complete surrounding of the field happened, and men groaned, and women screamed, and the whole coward crew fell upon their knees and prayed. The Republic One and Indivisible had them all in a strong grip, ha! ha!"

"The wretches!" again laughed the old woman; "ha! ha!"

"Well, the Republic lashed them as they deserved to be lashed, fired upon them, killed them like wolves, as they deserved, the traitorous vagabonds! I am not going to deny that I had my part in the day, for I did. I killed my share, I dare say. I remember an old man with long white hair, whose hat blew off just in time to prevent its being knocked off with his head."

"Fiend!" screamed his victim. "How can you, how dare you speak of that fearful day, to me, the daughter of him you murdered! Oh, that I were a man for a single hour! I'd pluck your coward's tongue out—I'd kill you!" she cried, fiercely.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Maurice, jauntily. "I'm not afraid, citizenne; and you are ten times more beautiful in a passion."

"Let me leave this place," she said; "let me leave. I say! I will not be a prisoner here against my will. I say I will not."

"Oh, certainly, citizenne; I shall not detain you against your will—at least not here," he added, with emphasis.

"Madame," she said, appealing to the old woman, "will you not speak for me? Be pleased to speak to your son that he may let me go in peace. Please do—pray do!"

"Oh, mademoiselle, that would never do," she answered—"never do at all; my son's dreadful when he's put out. You had better be quiet, and not put him out—dreadful my son is, sometimes."

Once more, half dead with despair, she sank into a chair, and, hiding her face in her hands, wept bitterly.

"I have nearly told my tale, citizenne," resumed Maurice. "The old man I spoke of had with him his daughter, and although, as a Republican, it was a crime, I confess that I loved the Royalist beauty, and gave then and there a pretty good proof of it, for I saved her. Ay, at the risk of my own life I saved hers."

"Dear, dear," said his mother, "you don't often do that sort of thing, my Maurice?"

"No, I do not, in a general way. It doesn't pay, and it is very unparliamentary; but that time I did it—I did it, citizenne?"

But she took no heed of that insolent question.

"Well, as I said, that time I did, because I loved her. It is false," said Laure.

"Well, citizenne, I don't mean to say that you were affectionate enough to hang about my neck; but when I told you that I loved you, you listened and said nothing, which I took to mean that you loved me too. Anyhow, you promised to marry me in return for the life I had given you, and finally rewarded me by running away, without leaving a trace by which I might find you. It wasn't the right thing to do—it was shabby and mean—it wasn't honorable."

"Honorable!" she said, scornfully—"to you!"

"Well, perhaps not. It served me right for trusting an aristocrat. However, I am wiser now."

"Well, what does all this story-telling mean, my Maurice?" said his mother. "Suppose we come to the end."

"Oh, that's easy enough, for we are there now. The end is that I saved the life of this citizenne, and that she promised to marry me for so doing."

"It is not true," said Laure.

"Dear heart! See how *la petite disputes* about trifles! Let us say that I promised to marry the citizenne—where's the difference?—and that one morning, behold the citizenne is nowhere, nobody knows anything about her, she is gone! But the other day our poor, lazy Jean Valdry showed me his new picture, and lo! there was my lost fiancée, whom now I have beside me."

And Citizen Maurice took a walk up and down the room, as if he rather enjoyed his own eloquence.

"Well, citizenne, better late than never," he resumed. "You shall redeem your promise—you shall marry me now."

"Never—no, never!"

"Yes, you will, child. Why? Because you like me? Oh, no—I'm not such a fool as to think that, but because I'm better than the guillotine."

"Citizen," said Laure, at last, desperately, "I pray you to let me go. Let me go, and I will say nothing of your insolence."

Citizen Maurice laughed, as if he thought this was a good joke.

"Then I warn you," continued the young girl, "that if you persist in this treacherous cowardice, there is one who will find you out, wherever you may be, and who possesses both the will and the power to punish every insult which I may endure. You know Monsieur Dufrane?"

"Yes, I know Citizen Dufrane; but he will hear nothing of this till you are my wife."

"Wife!" cried Maurice Legarde's mother, waking up. "I'll have no wives here! What's it all about, my Maurice?"

"Why, just this: and you had better listen, mother, and mind what I'm going to say. This young lady will stay here with you, never leaving the house, on any account whatever—never leaving your sight, mind that. She will stay till I make the necessary reparations, and then she will bestow her hand upon me," and Maurice bowed.

"No, no—never!" said Laure.

"Yes, you will, citizenne. I'm rather a resolute person, in my way. This house you will find very comfortable. My mother is sweetness itself, though I confess she doesn't look it. But pray do not attempt anything foolish—I mean running away a second time, or anything of that sort. Now I have told you fairly what I mean; and, as you will have to submit, willingly or otherwise, why not let us be friends, and get married, like good citizens? It will be much better so. Still, citizenne," he added, slowly, "I shall not force you too far; but pray remember that the Republic will be very happy to renew acquaintance with you, and may not let you off with marrying me."

And Citizen Maurice walked from the room and the house, and went to address an audience on the beauty of virtue in the abstract, and the right of citizens to think what they pleased and to do what they liked.

## CHAPTER III.

CITIZEN DUFRANE tended his flowers and fed his birds with the grave, thoughtful smile that was usually on his face, and the birds, whether because of the sunshine or of their tender master's hand, began to sing cheerily, while the very flowers seemed to grow brighter as if in emulation. This done, he turned to his bookcase, and, selecting a book, sat down in the great leather armchair, when, in a very little while, the book seemed to lose its interest and the reader became absorbed in the mazes of a dream—a dream of a fair face which had figured considerably in the citizen's dreams of late—a sweet face, with hazel eyes and rich brown hair, and lips which were absolutely bewitching when they whispered, "I love you"—a face to look into and learn to love more and more as the silent years went by. Dreaming of Laure, he wondered that day after day had gone by without his seeing her, and thought what very long days they had been.

Dreams, however, in a doctor's surgery have to go about their business at short notice, for patients will come, and doctors must give advice gratis and physics for what they can get. The patient who was now ushered into Lucien's room was unlike the beauty he had been dreaming about, but, though different, not less beautiful. She was taller, and had black hair hanging in heavy ringlets, and dark flashing eyes, with heavy lashes, which but partially veiled the fire within; her mouth was sweet, but firmer and more resolute, and the white, rounded chin was very beautiful. She had a quick, impetuous way, and spoke out what she thought bluntly, and without heed of consequences, and was altogether somewhat of a gypsy, who could love madly and hate fiercely, be very tender or very cruel. Lucien had often seen Cécile Renault before, and had been surprised and amused by her enthusiasm and bluntness of speech, and had wondered at the loving softness that would sometimes peep out of her eyes, and the tremulous way in which the words would fall upon her lips.

"Ah, citizenne," said Lucien.

"Don't 'citizenne' me," she returned—"I don't like it; it is part of a juggle, and puts me in mind of it every hour of the day."

"Well, what shall I say?" asked Lucien.

"Say mademoiselle—say Cécile if you like, but not the other. Citizens, indeed! Hate the word, and the people too."

"But why? Don't you think the word a very good and a true one—are we not citizens?"

"Perhaps," she said. "I am not very clear about it. It seems to me we are more like cats and mice; but then I suppose they would be citizens, too."

"I am afraid, mademoiselle, you are not so good a Republican as you should be; so, perhaps, we had better not talk politics," suggested Lucien, smiling.

"No, I am not—I am not a Republican at all—I hate the very word. There, monsieur—that's enough to put me into the *Courciererie*, if you want to get rid of a troublesome patient; and there was a tender light in her eyes which seemed to ask him to say that he did not want to be rid of the troublesome patient."

"No fear of that, mademoiselle," said Lucien, sadly. "Nobody has wished well to the Republic, or aided it to the best of his power, more than I have; but, on the other hand, nobody regrets its errors more than I do—for it has committed grave errors, to the sorrow of its best friends."

"Errors, indeed, monsieur: that's a merciful word for murder, and worse—the friends!"

"Well," said Lucien, smiling at her fierceness, "how are the headache and the dizziness, and the choking sensation in the throat—better?"

"A little, perhaps—no, perhaps not. I don't know. I don't care."

"Come," said Lucien, surprised at her reckless, disjointed words; "you should not speak like that."

There is nothing seriously the matter—nothing to be hopeless about."

"Oh, I am not afraid," she said; "even misfortunes are welcome sometimes."

"I cannot understand you, mademoiselle."

"No, you cannot understand me. When do men understand women? You doctors know that we have nerves and a thing called a heart, which is a sort of a pump; and, when we appear to act strangely, you think that the pump is out of order—that is all."

"Come, now," said Lucien, kindly; "surely you must know that we can do our best only by judging of visible tokens, and that few would thank us for seeking to pry into the anxieties and troubles which, perhaps, are the real source of the illness. Naturally, they do not concern us."

"No, naturally, they do not concern you," she repeated.

"Now, yourself, for instance—something frets you. I feel sure that there is some irritable trouble which does all the mischief. I can but counsel you to the best of my skill, but I have no right to ask what the trouble is, and, even although we are old friends, you would think I took a strange liberty were I to do so."

"Yes, certainly you are right. I know that I feel strangely; I am afraid that you think that I act strangely; and I am a fool for my pains."

"I did not say that," he observed.

"No," she said, with passionate emphasis; "you did not say it."

"Nor think it, indeed. I could not think so. Why should I? And why should you fancy that I should form so extraordinary an opinion in your particular case?"

"Why, indeed! I don't know. Of course you look upon it purely as a professional case of irritability, or something of that sort—no more. Perhaps it is rather an interesting case than otherwise, because it seems to border upon madness sometimes."

"There, again," he said, gently. "Why, see, you make it quite a personal matter! Have I unwittingly said anything to offend you?"

"No, no; it is myself. I am sure you wish me gone."

"No, I don't; you are very welcome indeed to stay as long as you please, and I should be very happy to be of any use to you. I don't ask your confidence, because I have no right to do so, but, if a friend's counsels or services are of any use, surely you know you may always count upon mine."

"Always?" she said, looking up at him.

"Yes, certainly—always."

"I know you are always forbearing and very kind, Luc—monsieur."

"Well, suppose that is so, there are plenty more kind people in the world."

"Maybe. Suppose I were to offend you very, very much?"

"I can't suppose such a thing—I would not be offended."

"Yes, but do; suppose I were to offend you very deeply, monsieur?"

"I can't indeed suppose such a thing; why should you offend me—how should you?" he asked, surprised.

"You know what a wild way I have, what strange fancies, and how they take possession of me, and how in the heat of the moment I say things which were better not said, and which I bitterly repent afterwards."

"Well," he said.

"There—you are angry with me already!"

"No, I am not at all angry; but, for the life of me, I cannot understand you."

"Can't you? You have seen me often enough before to-day."

"Yes, but that explains nothing."

"Doesn't it?" she said, and she paused with her flushed face and bright eyes as if uncertain whether to speak again or not, and then said, as if to herself, "It seems hard to be so miserable, and none to care—hard to bear without even the right to speak."

"Speak, mademoiselle, without fear. If I can serve you in anything, I will. You need not fear offending me, at all events; indeed, I cannot imagine how you are able to think that you will. In anything in which one friend may help another, be sure you will find me ready."

"Oh, you don't understand!" she said; and Lucien smiled in spite of himself, for she had exactly expressed the real state of the case. He could not make out Cécile Renault's manner, or her words either, and was strangely puzzled at the conflict which was going on in her mind, and which was reflected upon her face, like shadows in a glass. The evident hesitation to speak, and yet the passionate eagerness with which the words would come, as if in spite of her will almost—the strange appealing light in her eyes, which looked up at him tenderly, for a moment, then away again, lest the loving look should be seen—all this perplexed him.

"Suppose we stood on the brink of a resolve," she went on, "some great resolve, which, once taken, would shut out the world for ever afterwards to us; but suppose, too, that the resolve was but the shape taken by our despair, and not a thing of love and hope, and then suppose that there was but one voice that might dissuade us, but one hand that might lead us from the dangerous path—tell me, monsieur, should we be justified in calling out to that stronger hand to help us, to save us from ourselves?"

"Yes," said Lucien, almost bewildered by this Proteus.

But suppose, yet again, that it was usual and proper, and according to the way of the world, that the voice should speak to us first, the hand stretch out towards us first, and that, in crying out in our despair, although we might save our soul, we must sacrifice our own dignity and more—perhaps the very friend's esteem—what would you say, then, monsieur?"

But Lucien kept a puzzled silence.

"Oh, I can see that I offend you!" she said, tremulously. "Have some pity on me, monsieur—have some pity on me, for it breaks—it breaks—my heart!" and for a moment or two a torrent of tears stopped further speech. "It is I," she resumed, "who stand on the edge of a resolve which, once taken, shuts out life and hope for ever; it is I who need to call to the helping hand, yet know not how to do it! My heart will not throb loud enough for him to hear—my tears will not speak for me—and how shall I say it? What shall I do?"

"Tell me what it is," said Lucien, feeling strangely agitated by her words and her manner of saying them.

"Tell you! Shall I—may I tell you? Then pity me—don't be angry with me—but—I love you—love you, Lucien!" and she hid her burning face in her trembling white hands, and bowed her head as if the passionate avowal were shameful.

Then there was a pause of deep, unbroken silence, which neither Lucien nor Cécile seemed able to break.

"And what is the resolve of which you spoke?" asked Lucien, seeking to end the embarrassment without noticing her confession, which indeed he wished had never been spoken at all, because,

although he had a friendly regard for Cécile Renault, it had never, even in his own thoughts, shaped itself into any tenderer feeling, and, moreover, it seemed to him a treason to that other beauty of whom he had dreamed that words like these should pass between him and any other than herself.

"What is the resolve?" he asked again.

"Nothing—it does not matter," she said, sullenly. "Will you not tell me?"

"No, no; it is of little consequence. You are angry with me for what I have said; what does it all matter? What does anything matter? Oh, I am a fool to have said what I did! You despise me for it—I can see that you do; you hate me, and I hate myself—I do—I do!" and she rocked herself backwards and forwards in a passion of tears.

Presently, without saying a word, without a look or gesture, she rose slowly and left the room.

Scarcely, however, had Lucien turned from looking after his strange patient as she passed the window, than his door opened and Cécile again stood in the doorway, but without attempting to enter the room.

"Come in, mademoiselle," said Lucien.

"No, monsieur, never again; you think ill enough of me as it is—you will think yet worse of me presently."

"Worse? Nonsense; I have no feeling of the sort. You are too censorious, mademoiselle."

"Wait," she returned. "I know more about you than you think I know, and, knowing it, I must have been doubly mad to say what I did."

"Knowing what?"

"I cannot answer questions. I cannot tell you how it is that I know what I do, but listen. A *proscrite* named Laure Lemprère was lodged in prison this morning. She is denounced by Citizen Maurice Legarde, and she will die."

Lucien's heart seemed to swell and throb, and the blood surged upwards with a great rush, the room seemed to leap up and whirl round, and then all became still. When he came to himself, it was to find the door closed and his visitor gone.

(Concluded next week.)

## WHO ROBBED MADAME?

I HAD waited but a few minutes when she entered. The tasteful cap surmounting the brown locks clustering in a pretty confusion of short curls about her forehead proclaimed her no longer young, though the fair blooming face and shapely form were far more suggestive of youth than of old age. Altogether, Madame Leroux was a lady of most attractive appearance.

She approached me with nervous haste, her eyes fixed on mine.

"I sent for—you are—!" she faltered almost inaudibly, and then paused in a pitiable state of agitation, her slender fingers slowly intertwining themselves, and her whole frame trembling.

"Detective Ashton," I responded, hastily drawing forward a chair.

She sunk into it, and by a silent gesture invited me to be seated. Presently she murmured in a low, quivering voice:

"Monsieur, I am in great distress. My—"

And she again paused, overcome by her emotions. I waited a minute in expectant silence, and then said:

"A case of robbery, I understand, madame. Permit me to ask whether your servants are entirely honest?"

"Entirely," she answered, brokenly. "They have served me for twenty years."

"And your pupils?"

"Not a shadow of suspicion may touch them."

She gasped once or twice, and then controlling herself with a mighty effort, answered tremulously:

"Pardon my agitation; I am worn out with trouble and anxiety;" adding presently, in more even tones, "I will tell you all about it, monsieur. My school is, as you doubtless know from report, the best, and, consequently, the most flourishing in the city. I take much money, and often keep large sums by me. This is my private business-room, and in yonder cabinet I store my surplus funds."

"A rather unsafe place," I commented.

"Not at all, monsieur," she answered, decidedly. "It is furnished with a secret receptacle. Discover it if you can."

And rising, she led the way to the cabinet and threw open the desk.

But I exhausted my wits to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quietly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It is here," she replied, briefly and emphatically, as she closed the desk.

"How many times have you been robbed?"

"Nightly, for the past week," she answered, excitedly. "A large amount was taken the first night, but since then only a few counterfeits which I deposited in the hope of detecting the thief without assistance."

"Has any one under your roof a knowledge of the secret of the cabinet?" I inquired, after a little interval of silence.

"But one!" she cried, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in an agony of distress.

I again deliberated a moment, and then said, firmly:

"Madame, I have not a doubt that I can, in time, clear up this matter without assistance. But it is no less certain that perfect candor on your part will greatly aid me."

It was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficiently to answer. When she did, it was in heartbroken tones:

"You are right, monsieur; I must tell you. My suspicions point to one who has for years been my all—namely, Mademoiselle de Antoinette de Gray. Mademoiselle de Gray has been my *protégée* since the death of her parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant. In her I have hitherto reposed the most unlimited confidence; now I am distracted with doubts it is impossible to silence. But, monsieur, I have not sent for you to unravel this mystery with any intention of giving publicity to her guilt. Heaven knows I only desire to learn the truth for her own dear sake. I would not wrong the innocent even in thought; the guilty I would unceasingly labor to restore." Then, with a sudden burst of grief, she exclaimed: "My poor Antoinette! She is so young! So winning! and so beautiful!"

"Does Mademoiselle de Gray know of your suspicions?" I inquired, as a deep sob choked her utterance.

"She does. A few hours before I sent for you I told her of my loss, and entreated her to confess and receive my forgiveness."

"What was the result?"

"She gazed at me with startled eyes for a moment, and then in proud, almost scornful accents replied that I, above all others, should know whether she was capable of such a deed."

"And is she acquainted with the fact of your having secured my services?"



"Oh, yes, monsieur. I hoped it would frighten her into a full confession."

"Your servants?"

"They know nothing whatever. For Made-moiselle de Gray's sake, I have kept these startling robberies a profound secret."

"After a few minutes' serious consideration I said: 'Madame, I will watch here nightly until the mystery is solved.' Madame shook her head despairingly."

"It is quite useless, monsieur. I am no coward, and have already tried that plan; and, strange to say, my cabinet remained intact both times."

"Perhaps Made-moiselle de Gray suspected your intentions," I replied. "This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you please, I will trouble you for a few more details. About what time do these robberies take place?"

"Always between midnight and daybreak. I seldom retire till twelve o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly: for, by a singular coincidence, Made-moiselle de Gray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madworth robbery had impressed us both deeply, and, as I left the room, I bade Made-moiselle lock the door."

"Did you lock the door?" I asked, indicating one I had noticed a while before.

"Oh, no; for it contained nothing of value."

"It might secrete a burglar, however. That is only a store-closet?"

"Yes, monsieur; but it did not. I was in there a few minutes before we retired."

"And the key of the door here—did Made-moiselle know where you put it?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"And since that night?"

"Alas! monsieur, I have hidden my keys in vain."

"After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight. I did so. Made-moiselle and the servants had retired, and, as previously arranged, Madame answered my light tap herself. She ushered me into the private room, and soon bade me good-night."

"After a short absence, she returned with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of Dutch cake."

"I always take a cup before retiring," she explained, "and thought you might find one acceptable. And with a final good-night she left me. Feeling both chilled and thirsty, I emptied the cup almost at a draught. Then wheeling the chair behind the curtains draping a bay window, I extinguished the light and sat down to await the appearance of the unknown thief."

"But I saw nothing. Just at daybreak, Madame softly entered the room and spoke to me. I rose unsteadily to my feet, and stepped from behind the curtains. She gazed at me in surprise for a moment, and then smiled at me ironically."

"Monsieur slept well, I perceive."

"Yes, Madame, if well means soundly," I replied. "The coffee was drugged."

"Drugged!" she echoed, staggering back a pace or two.

"Yes, Madame. Permit me to ask who made it?"

"She covered her face with her hands for an instant, and then dropping them, reeled over to the cabinet. In a minute she was beside me again."

"Who made it?" she repeated, in deep, hollow tones. "Made-moiselle de Gray! And—And, monsieur, the money is gone!"

"But," I answered in some vexation, "Made-moiselle, of all others, should not have known of my presence here."

"Ah, monsieur, I was most careful," returned Madame, sorrowfully. "Tis a mystery how she gained her knowledge."

"Well, Madame," I answered, after a few minutes' deliberation, "we will meet Made-moiselle on her own ground. Permit her, if you please, to prepare another cup of coffee for to-night. She will, no doubt, count upon its effects."

"And that night I received another steaming cup. But it was received only. Consequently I was not found napping. I had watched patiently for two hours or more, when the door softly opened, and a pale, slender, little old woman, wrapped in a crimson dressing-gown, and about whose bare head floated a few scanty gray locks, stole noiselessly into the room. She carried a bunch of keys and a lighted taper in a small bronze candlestick. Closing the door carefully behind her, she proceeded at once to the cabinet. 'Can this weird-looking woman be Made-moiselle de Gray?' I thought, gazing at the singular apparition. 'No, it cannot be. Certainly, Made-moiselle is young. This might be some old relative or friend of Madame.' Quickly and noiselessly she approached the cabinet, and in a moment it was unlocked and the secret compartment open."

"After carefully withdrawing the notes deposited there by Madame a few hours previous, she snapped the spring and reclosed the desk. Then turning quickly away, she went over to the store-closet."

"I now left my hiding-place and cautiously followed. When I reached the door she was in the act of removing the false bottom from a large japanned box in one corner. Dropping it on the floor beside her, she took from the box a roll of notes, and, after adding the one just stolen, returned the bundle to its place again. Then hastily restoring the box to its former order, she rose and turned away."

"I stepped back a pace or two, with the design of seizing her outside the closet."

"In a moment she appeared and confronted me, and for the first time I obtained a fair view of her features. But instead of the horror and dismay which I had been anticipating, I was the one to fall back aghast. My outstretched arms dropped powerless as, with swift tread and strong gaze, she swept past me and out of the room."

"And this is the solution!" I muttered, drawing a deep breath of relief as the door closed upon her. "What will Madame say? Will she really credit the report I must give?"

"Without deciding on the question, I dropped on the sofa and made myself comfortable for the remainder of the night. As on the previous day, Madame sought me early. She looked at me scrutinizingly."

"Ah! monsieur has had another good night, without the aid of drugs," she remarked, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, Madame, a very good one," I replied; "but I first earned the right."

"Ah!" ejaculated Madame again; but this time very tremulously. "Then you have—"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Made-moiselle de Gray?"

"No, monsieur! no!" she replied, with hasty emphasis. "My poor Antoinette has shined, no doubt; but she shall be protected. You shall not see my poor child, monsieur," she concluded, passionately. "Heaven and I will make a good woman of her yet!"

"My dear Madame, you quite mistake me," I answered, feelingly. "Made-moiselle is innocent. I was hardly prepared for the little French woman's outburst of joy."

"My Antoinette! My pure darling! My white dove! My wronged angel! Sweet heaven, I thank thee!" she cried, tearfully.

"And before I could say any more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden-haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youthful beauty left Madame's side and came to me."

"I thank you, monsieur," she said, with simple, earnest dignity. "I thank you most truly."

"I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, Made-moiselle!" I smiled, in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. Tell us, monsieur."

"First, Madame," I answered, "permit me to restore your stolen money. You have your keys, I see; will you be kind enough to open the treasure-box?"

"And hastening to the closet, I brought out the japanned box."

"Made-moiselle knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. I then lifted the lid and removed the false bottom. An astonished exclamation parted Made-moiselle de Gray's lips, but Madame leaned over the box, like one in a dream, and could not be convinced, until the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no dream at all, but a most pleasant reality."

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every sou of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled Made-moiselle, with a puzzled expression, "but—"

"But," interrupted Madame, even more vivaciously—"but who put it into the box?"

"And she fixed her eyes in eager expectancy on mine."

"The—the apparition," I faltered, "entered the room between two and three o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few moments the notes were purloined and deposited where you just now found them."

"But the secret compartment, monsieur," interrupted Madame, excitedly; "was it opened without difficulty?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Strange! most strange!" she ejaculated, in perplexing tones, adding the next instant, "Go on, monsieur."

"That is all, Madame."

"All! But what did you do, monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing, Madame, but staring aside and gaze like an imbecile after the retreating form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called it an apparition? I recollect, monsieur, What—what did it resemble?"

"It was a woman. A small, pallid woman, clad in a trailing crimson robe."

"A crimson robe!" echoed Madame and Made-moiselle, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and with silvery-white hair."

"White hair!" again echoed both, looking at each other with faces of consternation.

"Made-moiselle de Gray recovered herself first. 'What else, monsieur?' she queried impatiently."

"Nothing else, Made-moiselle, except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candlestick and a bunch of keys."

"Made-moiselle gazed at me a moment in silence, and then turning suddenly, flung her arms about the Madame's neck, and kissing her on both cheeks, exclaimed, between tears and laughter: 'Oh! you naughty, naughty thief!'"

"Made-moiselle stared from Made-moiselle to me, the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she revolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up."

"Tell me, Antoinette," she muttered, doubtfully, "why did you drop Monsieur's coffee?"

"I?" exclaimed Made-moiselle, flushing with astonishment. "I did it no more than I stole the money. I knew not that Monsieur was here, much less that he took coffee. But perhaps," she roguishly added the next moment, as she again showered kisses on Madame's roseate cheeks—"but perhaps you can plead guilty."

"Again bewildered dismay widened Madame's eyes, and, after a little, she faltered: 'Oh, Antoinette, I—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well and I slept poorly. Yes, Monsieur got my powders! I never thought of it till this minute.'"

"What powders?" laughed Made-moiselle de Gray.

"The morphine!" exclaimed Madame, more composedly. "I felt sleepless and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to pour my coffee over it; and I must have given Monsieur the wrong cup."

"Then suddenly snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Made-moiselle de Gray's hand, exclaiming, tearfully: 'There! keep them, my poor, wronged darling. I have played 'La Sonnambula' long enough.'"

"And I, looking at Madame's brown curls, roseate skin, and faultless figure, thought amusedly: 'What a miracle of French art!'"

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lodge in jail. On Tuesday night one hundred armed and masked men rode up and took possession of the prison. The doors were opened and the sixteen prisoners led out at midnight. They silently went with their captors, who wore black masks. Six of the negroes were shot, and left for dead, but two of them escaped with wounds. The others were killed at intervals along the road. Our picture represents the band firing their last volley. General Forrest, who was accused of the massacre of negroes at Fort Pillow, denounced this outrage, and he even offered to help hunt down the offenders. Jeff. Davis and others also condemned the butchery.

We give another illustration representing the Coushatta massacre. Governor Kellogg says that the troubles were caused by a body of men known as the "White League of Louisiana" forcing the State officials in the Red River Parish to resign. Other authorities say that a number of lawless blacks threatened the whites with assassination. In this parish the negroes are largely in excess of the whites. A respectable citizen in the Third Ward was threatened and fired on by two black desperadoes. On Thursday, the 27th of August, some white men went to their cabins to arrest them. One of the whites was killed, and the negroes fled towards the woods, but they were shot. Between 300 and 400 negroes arose the next day and vowed vengeance. Great excitement followed, and all the roads were guarded. Joe Dickson and a Mr. Pickett, who were on duty, halted a negro who was coming into town with a bag of shot. He would not stand; they fired, and he escaped. Afterwards these two men were fired on, and Dickson shot. That night several State officers, white and black, were arrested, when they resigned. They agreed to leave the State, and they requested a guard, which was furnished. On Sunday morning they started. Meanwhile forty or fifty men, said to be Texans, had come into town (Coushatta) and threatened to lynch the prisoners. The party put their horses to the top of their speed when pursued. They expected to cross Red River on a flat-boat, thirty miles below Shreveport, and escape. They were overtaken, and six prisoners, Edgerton, Twitchell, Dewees, Howell, Holland and Willis, were shot. The Governor has since called out the militia to preserve order. There is great excitement and a feeling of uneasiness throughout the South.

#### "SINCHING UP."

NEXT to the officers of an exploring expedition in the West, the packer holds the most responsible position. The art of loading pack-animals with heavy burdens of miscellaneous articles so that they will carry safely, without hurting the mules, is one acquired by long experience on the frontier. A man who understands his business can literally cover an animal with cooking utensils, surveying instruments, blankets, guns, picks, and the like, in a surprisingly short space of time, and the work will be done so well that repeated stumbles and rubbing against trees will fail to loosen them. Indeed, the beast frequently rolls down a hill or tumbles into a ravine without doing much damage to his pack. Few Eastern men know how to saddle a horse properly. The cattle-herder on the plains is on his horse nine months in the year, yet his hard California saddle and coarse blanket seldom hurt the animal. But a State's saddle, with its contemptible buckles and girths, will ruin a horse's back in a week, and keep the rider in torture. The California saddle is fastened with a very broad horsehair "sitch," tight enough to break an ordinary girth. Packers fasten their packs to pack-saddles which are sinched around the animal's belly, and not around his chest as is done in the East. The Western packer follows the Mexican and Spanish custom in saddling and packing. We sketch a scene in Professor Hayden's camp—where a couple of packers are preparing for a day's march.

#### A RANCH ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

IN the accessible valleys of the Rocky Mountains country ranches are frequent, but among the wilder regions of the Northwest they are few and far between.

We give a sketch of Major Pease's ranch on the famous Yellowstone River, on the route of Prof. Hayden's explorations. As a rule, excellent meals are served at these places, and the proprietors take pride in making their guests feel at home. Flour, canned-fruits, sugar, coffee, and the like, are packed through the mountains on donkeys, which adds greatly to their cost. None but the very best articles of merchandise are bought by the ranchmen, and, like the traditional miner, they spend their money with a fascinating prodigality.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

DON ALFONSO.—The struggle between the Bourbons and Republicans in Spain has attracted the attention of people in all countries. The Carlists have waged a long and bloody war against the Government, and Don Carlos hopes to win in the end. Our illustration represents the Bourbon prince Don Alfonso of Bourbon.

THE COVERED STREET IN MILAN.—La Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, of Milan, is one of the finest of those covered streets so common in many Continental capitals. It is a lofty glass-roofed street, transected by a similar glazed passage, with a large cupola crowning the places of junction. The sides are lined with handsome shops and cafes, while above are two stories, and the whole is covered with a glass roof ornamented richly with statuary, sculptured cornices and quaint frescoes. Our picture represents the interior of the street.

ANCIENT TROY.—An interesting review of Dr. Schliemann's excavations and discoveries at the site of ancient Troy was published a few months ago by Bayard Taylor. It had long been asserted by scientific men and others that the site of that wonderful city could never be known, and some writers declared that there never was such a city. Dr. Schliemann's researches proved its existence beyond all doubt. We give an illustration of the ruins that have been unearthed.

MOHAMMEDAN CEREMONY IN EGYPT.—Our illustration represents the ceremony of the Dosh, at Cairo. It is the closing incident of the *feite* held annually in that city to celebrate the birthday of Mohammed. The festival takes place on the return of the pilgrims from Mecca. Dervishes and pilgrims congregate in unusual numbers, and generally camp outside of the town. They dance, howl, cut and work themselves into a frenzy of excitement.

MADAME HAZAINE.—This distinguished lady, whose portrait we give, has won the admiration of even her enemies. She planned the escape of her husband from the fort on the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, at Cannes. The sea was rough on the night of his escape, but she took a small boat, and, with the aid of only her nephew, she rowed her husband to a vessel in the neighborhood, which she had engaged to take her to Genoa.

ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.—Fort Marguerite, whence Marshal Bazine escaped recently, is on an island of that name which lies in the bay of Cannes, on the south coast of France, 120 miles east of Marseilles. The famous "Man in the Iron Mask" was confined there for eleven years. This fort stands on a cliff overhanging the sea. The Marshal let himself down with a rope eighty feet long, into the sea, whence his wife took him in a boat to a ship bound for Genoa. We give a sketch of the fortress.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

SENATOR SPENCER and Representative Hayes report terrible outrages in Alabama; several prominent officials will consult with the President at once, with a view of putting an end to these disturbances. The court proceedings against the Rev. Mr. Glendonning of Jersey City were abandoned, owing to the death of Miss Pomeroy and the willingness of her brother to take care of the child. Further details are received of the fight with the Indians near the Wachita Agency. Political riots are reported in Louisiana. Senator Patterson of South Carolina is in Washington asking for Federal troops to protect Republican voters. He is in favor of the third term. The Ohio Democratic Convention adopted a platform favoring a sound currency, the abolition of the national banking system, a revenue tariff, and cheap transportation, and opposing the civil rights bill and a third term; a full State ticket was nominated. The Michigan Republican Convention renominated Governor Bagley; the platform reaffirms former declarations of the party, and calls on the Government to protect the negroes; the result is regarded as a triumph for Senator Ferry. The Illinois Liberal and Democratic Convention adopted a platform opposed to inflation in unequivocal terms. The Missouri Democratic Convention met at Jefferson City. The New Jersey Republican Convention met in Trenton last week. Ann Eliza Young filed an application for divorce from Brigham Young in the Third District Court, of Utah; the latter denies that she is his legal wife. Several negroes were lynched by a band of white men in Humboldt County, Tenn. The Kansas Republican Convention renominated Governor Osborne. A child five years old died from the effects of a beating received in the Five Points House of Industry. A large failure in the export trade was announced. Christian Mayer, who was sent to the Penitentiary for participating in the Tompkins Square riot, was pardoned by the Governor.

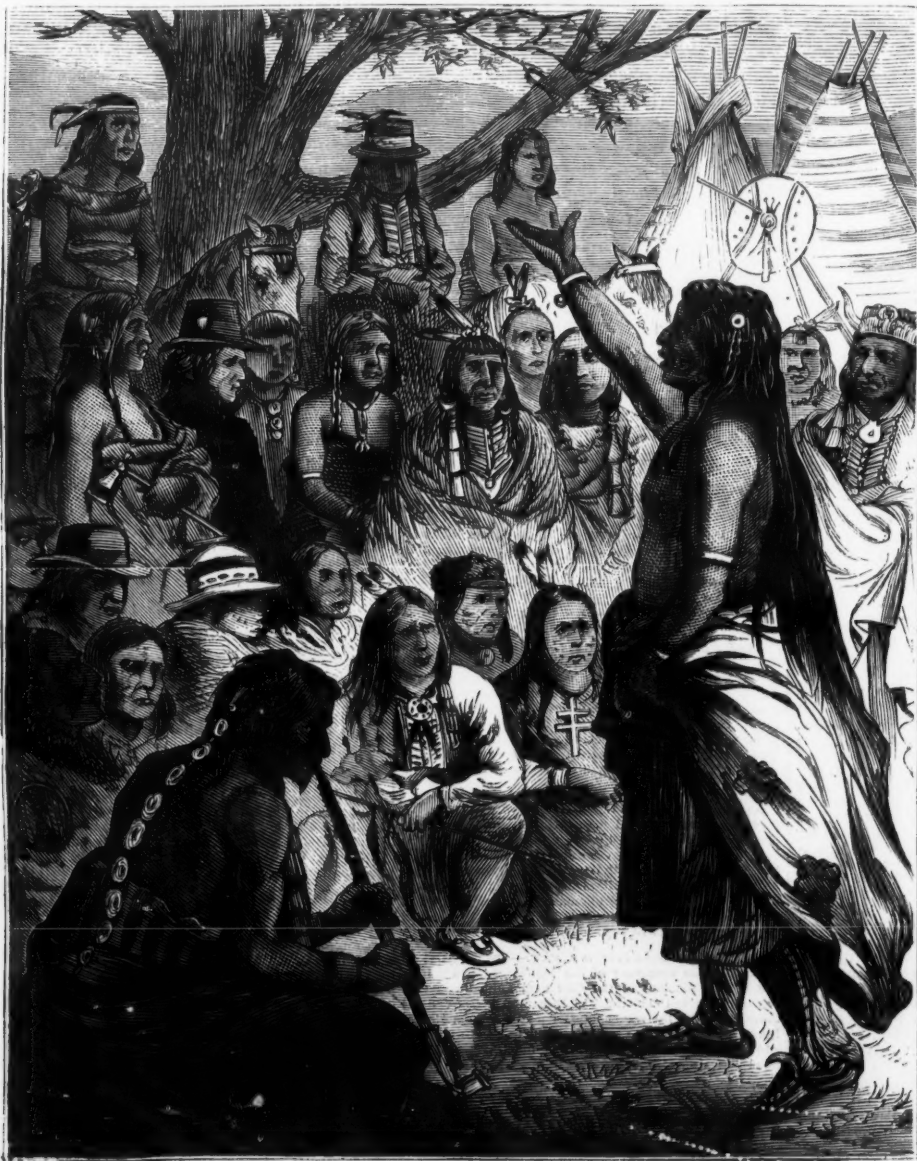
##### FOREIGN.

A GREAT many mineral and vegetable specimens found in Costa Rica have been collected for forwarding to the Exposition in Chili. The Government of Honduras has ordered to be issued \$40,000 in Treasury bonds for aiding in repairing the churches and other public buildings damaged by the earthquake of the 23d of April and 23d of May last. One or two failures have taken place in Guatemala, the Government of that country has decreed imprisonment to all bankrupts, unless they can prove that their failure is caused by real losses that are unavoidable. The French authorities have disarmed a Carlist battalion on French soil. The town of Calhorrha has been sacked by the Carlists. The Brussels Congress has rejected four articles concerning reprisals proposed by Russia. At the final sitting all the delegates, except those from Great Britain and Turkey, signed the protocol. M. Berger, a candidate for the French Assembly, has boldly avowed his attachment to Imperialism. The Spanish Government has agreed to settle immediately the British claim to indemnity arising out of the *Virginius* case. There are fears of an insurrection in Jamaica. The Carlists have made two attacks on Puigcerda, but both were repulsed. The ship *Sierra Nevada* from Liverpool, bound for San Francisco, has been burned at sea. The Cuban insurgents have been partially successful in two recent engagements. Mount Etna was pouring out streams of





THE "WAR OF RACES."—REIGN OF TERROR IN RED RIVER PARISH, LOUISIANA—A GUARD FOR INSUR



COMANCHE AND ARAPACHO INDIANS HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR.

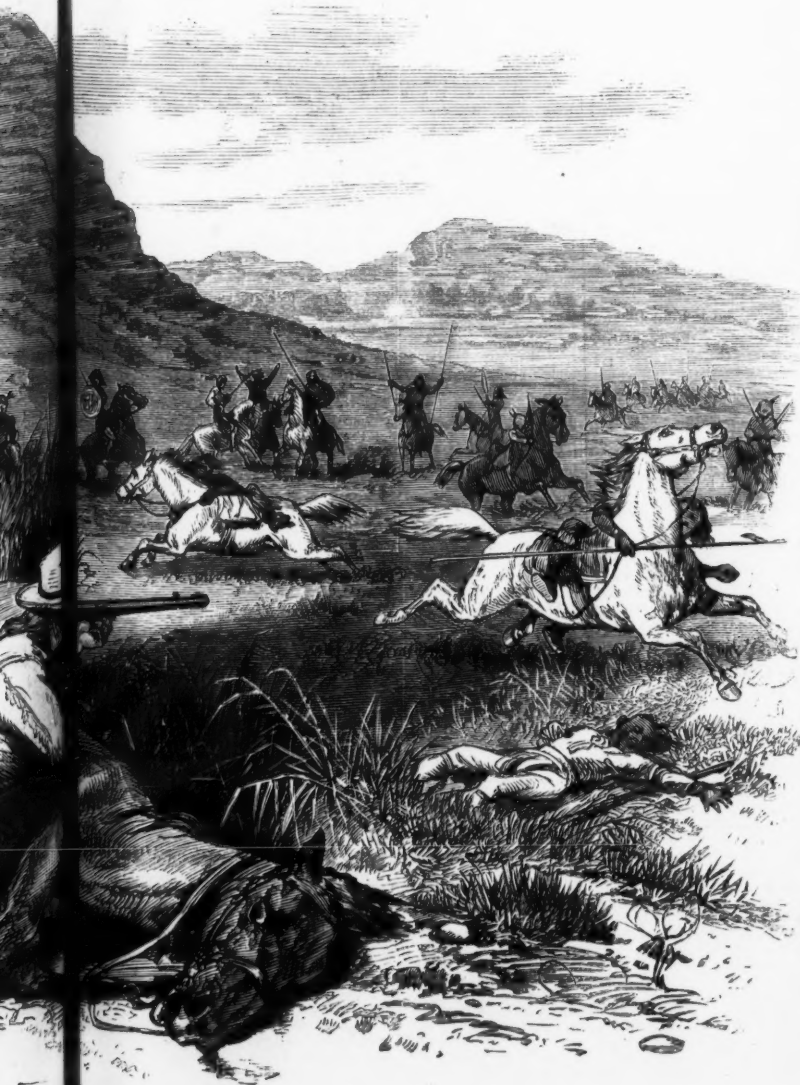


GENERAL CUSTER'S EXPEDITION TO THE BLACK FEET IN MONTANA





A GUARD FOR INSURGENTS PURSUED BY A BAND OF WHITE TEXANS.—SKETCHED BY HENRY WALMSLEY.—SEE PAGE 23.



A ROUTE OF ARAPAPOS.  
E. BLA OF DAKOTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY DANIEL CARROLL.—SEE PAGE 27.



CHEYENNES GOING TO THEIR RESERVATION.



## DEACON JONES'S EXPERIENCE.

ARKANSAS CONFERENCE, 1874.

BY  
BRET HARTE.

YER right when you lays it down, Parson,  
That the flesh is weak and a snare;  
And to keep yer plow in the furrow  
When yer cattle begins to rare  
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,  
The same may be said of Prayer!

Why, I stood the jokes, on the river,  
Of the boys, when the critters found  
That I'd joined the Church, and the snicker  
That, maybe ye mind, went round,  
The day I sat down with the mourners,  
In the old camp-meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I reckon,  
I might, at a pinch, stood more—  
For the boys, they represent Baal,  
And I stands as the Rock of the Law,  
And it seemed like a mortal scrimmage,  
In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers,  
As hezn't got that pretense—  
Things ez hez got no purpose,  
Things ez hez got no sense;  
Things ez, somehow, no profit  
Will cover their first expense.

Ez how! I was jist last evenin'  
Addressin' the Throne of Grace,  
And mother knelt in the corner,  
And each of the boys in his place—  
When that sneakin' pup of Keziah's,  
To Jonathan's cat giv chase!

I never let on to mind 'em,  
I never let on to hear,  
But drove that prayer down the furrow  
With the cat hidin' under my cheer,  
And Keziah a whisperin' "sic her!"  
And mother a sayin' "you dare!"

I asked for a light for the heathen,  
To guide on his narrer track,  
With that dog and that cat jist waltzin',  
And Jonathan's face jist black,  
When the pup made a rush, and the kitten—  
Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think, with the Lord's assistance,  
I might have continued then,  
If gettin' her holt, that kitten  
Hedn't dropped her claws in me—when  
It somehow reached the "Old Adam,"  
And I jumped to my feet with "Amen!"

So, ye'r right when you says it, Parson,  
That the flesh is weak and a snare,  
And to keep yer plow in the furrow  
When yer cattle begins to rare  
Ain't no sure thing. And between us  
I say jist so with Prayer.

## REKLAM BROTHERS.

SOMETHING I saw exhibited in the window attracted my attention, and induced me to enter the shop of Messrs. Reklam Brothers. It was certainly not the ticket inscribed "First floor to let, unfurnished"; it was rather, if I remember rightly, a delicate little taze of genuine Venetian glass, curiously designed, and rich in dainty opaline tints and reflections. I was in an humble way, and, for my own gratification simply, a collector of trifles of that kind. The Messrs. Reklam were German Jews—or Polish, I'm not sure which—dealing in old pictures, curiosities, articles of *virtu*, and antiques. Their house was situated in a dull street in the Soho district. Fashion and gentility had, no doubt, in times past made their home there. They had long since vanished, however, leaving in their stead a sort of dingy respectability, and an air of trade of rather a torpid character. Shops and private houses were much intermingled, but there were few evidences of business being very actively carried on. The street could not boast much traffic, for although a thoroughfare, it led to nowhere in particular, and offered small advantages as a short-cut. It was bounded on the north by Oxford Street, and on the south by an intricate tangle of courts and alleys. The houses were of a substantial, spacious, old-fashioned class, with rather dimly lit rooms.

The contents of the shop almost defy enumeration. They were such, however, as are usually to be found in the possession of traders in curiosities; had been collected from all parts of the globe, and pertained to every period, with the exception, perhaps, of the present. There were weapons and armor, of course, in great abundance, with carvings in wood and ivory, paintings and enameled china and glass, gems, coins, embroideries, lace, antique furniture, feathers, idols, stuffed animals, skins, monstrosities of all kinds, and other multitudinous objects. I was impressed by the extent and value of the collection. It filled the shop quite to its remote corners, leaving only a little patch of vacancy in the centre of the floor. Even the ceiling was crowded and umbrageous with precious things—among them, pendant lamps of every device, and chandeliers that were perfect thickets of crystal.

Mr. Aaron Reklam, with whom I first became acquainted, was by no means the picturesque Jew of fiction. He was not bent with age; he wore no flowing beard or long draperies; no velvet skull-cap crowned him; his skin was not of parchment, nor was his face hollowed and dented by the hand of Time. He was simply dressed, and had the air of a London tradesman of reputable position. In answer to my inquiries, I was waited by him to the upper floors of the house. The two drawing-rooms were altogether empty: lofty, wainscoted chambers, with heavy cornices and richly-molded ceilings. They led to a third room, long and narrow, looking on to the lands and skylight of the back shop below, and boasting a side-view of a small garden beyond, in which languished a plane-tree and some lilac-bushes of rather wan and sickly appearance. In the rooms above, I was given to understand, the Brothers Reklam resided, still among stores of treasures similar to those crowding the shop below.

Aaron Reklam did not quit me until I had pledged myself to become the tenant of the vacant first-floor. What moved me to this step I do not even now clearly understand. It was true that I was at the time under notice to quit the lodgings I had occupied during some years. The house was to be pulled down, so that a new street might be constructed, or some other metropolitan improvement of that nature carried into effect. For this purpose an Act of Parliament had been obtained, and all due forms observed. And I was in a sluggish sort of way—for there was no special need for haste: I had still some weeks before me—looking out for lodgings. Still, as I have said, I engaged to be the occupant of the apartments.

Next day, repenting of the bargain, I entered the shop again, resolved to excuse myself, and now, for the first time, saw Nathan, the elder brother, who received me with all politeness. To get off was impossible; besides, I saw that the rooms had their advantages. In short, I took possession of them, trusting to have some degree of comfort. After a day or two's experience, I had nothing to complain of but a certain degree of mysteriousness which pervaded the dwelling. One or other of the brothers was often hanging about, as if listening or making observations; and occasionally there were loud and unpleasant quarrels in an unknown tongue, which, for anything I knew, might be Hebrew or Polish.

They were certainly a strange people I had got amongst. At times I meditated running away; but such a step would have involved forfeiture of all my goods. I therefore held on. Some months had passed in this fashion; there had been no change in the situation of affairs, and I had added little to my stock of observations concerning the Brothers Reklam, their proceedings and ways of life, except in this respect: I had not failed to note that all their collection of treasures, notwithstanding their business, was almost altogether at a stand-still. They were tradesmen apparently possessed of an abundance of wares, but they really traded in nothing. No customer ever entered the shop; or if they did, it was only to quit it again rapidly, without any sale or purchase having been effected. Sometimes, indeed, the shutters remained closed for days together.

Another thing I remarked, too, was the late hour they kept. They were seldom absent from the house, and they never, so far as I could ascertain, received any visitors. Yet they seemed to be moved by an extreme repugnance to retire to rest. At all times of the night I could hear them stirring in the house, restless in the shop, or passing up and down the staircase, or pacing to and fro the floors above me. Their movements were generally of a stealthy kind, as though they were seeking to make as little noise as possible; it might be out of consideration for my comfort. But now and then their disposition to quarrel asserted itself.

The domestic arrangements were by no means effective, but they answered my moderate wants. There was no regular female servant—only a sort of charwoman, who came in the morning to prepare breakfast, and again appeared for a short time at night. This suited tolerably well, for I did not dine in the house. Odd jobs and errands were executed by a small Jewish boy. The disappearance of this little fellow was the first thing that struck me with surprise. Then, I had fresh cause for astonishment in seeing that the shop-shutters were now very seldom removed.

My landlords had, as it seemed, abandoned all attempt to carry on publicly their trade as dealers in antiquities and curiosities. But they watched me, I felt persuaded, more closely than ever. I was conscious that my residence under their roof was becoming more and more painful and unendurable. The summer-time had arrived, and for some days the weather had been almost insufferably sultry. I could scarcely breathe in my murky, oppressive apartments. The molded ceiling and the parched walls seemed now to absorb all the air as well as all the light.

I was sitting in the third room at the back of my bedroom. I remember, which was comparatively cooler than the others, for it was not subjected to the fierce glare of the afternoon sun, as they were. It was night; a very still, airless summer night. The moon was shining through a sultry mist. I was smoking a cigar. I had abandoned article after article of dress, and was certainly in rather an untidy condition. But cloth clothes were not to be borne in such weather.

In quest of more air, I had stepped from my window on to the leads beneath—the roof of Messrs. Reklam's back shop. The plane-tree and the lilac-bushes, looking more pallid than ever as the moonlight blanched their leaves, were on my left hand. Before me was the raised skylight of the shop below, the dusty panes reddened by the gleaming of a light burning beneath. Scarcely thinking of what I did, as I smoked, I leant over the skylight, and endeavored to peer through its glass. I could discern, but only in a vague sort of way, the figures of my landlords moving hither and thither, and employed I know not precisely how. There was no mistaking the fact, however, that they were very busy. What they were doing was by no means clear to me. I stood for some moments observing them. They were surrounded by papers and books—so much I could clearly perceive—and by various packages and bundles, which they seemed to be passing from right to left, as though they were counting and taking note of them; but even of this I could not be quite certain.

On a sudden, and accidentally, for there could not possibly have been any design in the matter, Aaron Reklam raised his eyes from the table before him, and fixed them on the skylight above. Then I became conscious that he had perceived my presence. Probably, my figure, seen with the moonlight behind me, presented a dark object, that was only to be explained by the fact that some one was looking down upon him and observing his proceedings; or it might be that he had detected me by the light of my cigar. For a moment it seemed to me there gleamed upon me the strange glare of his prominent scintillating green eyes. Then all was darkness. He had turned off the gas. I could see nothing more. In some trepidation, I retreated to my bedchamber.

I slept very ill that night, I remember: not merely because of the oppressive heat of the weather, and the lack of freshness in the air, but I was greatly disturbed in mind. Moreover, my forehead burned, my heart beat distressingly; I was in a state of feverish restlessness. When sleep at last came to me, my dreams were terrible. I underwent an agonizing nightmare—the Brothers Reklam haunted me. I could never lose sight of their pallid faces. In all kinds of strange situations, their gleaming, menacing eyes seemed to follow me and find me out, to scorch me up and pierce me through and through, to bring to bear upon me all kinds of pangs and tortures. I became convinced that they were bent upon my destruction, now by this means, now by that. Their only hesitation was as to the kind of death they should inflict upon me. They were at a loss to decide upon one sufficiently painful. At length, as I thought, they had resolved upon my assassination by a varied system of intense and horrible cruelty, to be gradually applied, with a view to my greater suffering.

I awoke in a dreadful panic. It seemed to me that a rope circled my neck, and that my landlords by slow degrees were tightening it more and more. I experienced an agonizing sense of suffocation. In my alarm, I know, I leaped from my bed, and stood for a moment swaying to and fro upon the floor like a drunken man. What had happened? I asked myself. Something dreadful, I knew.

There was a strange crimson light throbbing and flickering in the room. The air was thick with smoke, and the stifling fumes of some drug or spirit of extraordinary pungency. I could hear, too, wild cries in the street without, loud knocking at the outer door of the house, and the roaring, crackling

sounds of burning wood, and the licking and writhing of mounting flames. The house of Messrs. Reklam Brothers was on fire.

There was not a minute to lose. I hastily gathered about me a few articles of dress. My alarm and agitation were extreme, but I had the sense to perceive that I could only hope to escape with my life—if even that was still possible. I at once abandoned all thought of rescuing aught else from the flames. Yet it was, even in that moment of panic, with a sigh of deep anguish I turned my back upon all my household treasures and possessions. One glance of farewell, and then I hurried from them to the door of my front room, leading to the staircase.

It was locked on the outside. So also were the two other doors that permitted egress from my apartments. The possibility of my escape had been foreseen and provided against. I was a prisoner, and the fire was drawing every moment nearer and nearer to me. Already the smoke was so dense, blinding, and stupefying, that I was crouching on my knees, to avoid it as much as possible.

Much valuable time I wasted in laboring to prise the locks of my doors, and in convincing myself that they had really been made secure against me from without. Then, with desperate violence, and with all the strength I could muster, I dashed a heavy chair against the door of the front room.

The paneling was completely smashed, and through the opening thus made a thick volume of poisonous smoke poured into the room. But still the lock held fast, and still my escape was prevented, even had the staircase without remained passable, which seemed most doubtful, for already it was burning furiously.

The window was now my sole chance. I looked out. There was a sea of upturned faces—orange-hued, from the reflection of the flames. The police had driven back the crowd, so as to form a semi-circle of spectators, with sufficient space in front for the fire-engines to be worked freely. The roadway was flooded with water, which mirrored brightly the red sky and the leaping fire. Every neighboring window was crowded with scared lookers-on. It was a strange and most exciting scene. The uproar when the dense throng below caught sight of me at the window was indeed alarming. I was cheered and applauded, as though I had been a popular candidate for election upon the hustings. But above all these cries I could plainly hear the mechanical pulsing sound of the engines in full work—the rush and gurgling, the hiss and splash, of falling water—and the screaming of the flames, which seemed to issue chiefly from the floors above me, and from the built-out shop at the back of the house.

Trembling all over, I stepped from the window-sill on to the projecting cornice of the shop-front below. I then let myself down gradually, and after clinging to the ledge for a moment, dropped several feet on to the pavement. I was saved from falling by the sturdy arms of a policeman. I was half suffocated, and my eyes smarted terribly; my hands were torn and bleeding, and both ankles seemed badly sprained; otherwise, I was uninjured.

In right, I suppose, of my narrow escape, and my lawful interest in the catastrophe, I was permitted to remain near the fire-engines and to watch the progress of the conflagration. I was not conscious for some time that my dress was most incomplete, and that I was up to my insteps in water.

Suddenly I found Aaron Reklam close beside me. He started back when he observed me—not merely with surprise, but also, as I judged, with alarm and aversion. He was in a state of extreme agitation.

"I never dressed so quickly in my life," he said, in a tremulous voice, and he rubbed his hands together nervously. He was barked—I could note by the light of the flames his partial baldness; but his attire was complete in other respects, even to the neat adjustment of his shirt-collar and neckerchief. I could not doubt that he had never undressed at all.

He turned his gleaming eyes full upon me; his gaze seemed to me more baneful and maleficent than ever. For a moment I almost dreaded personal violence at his hands.

"You've had a narrow escape," he said.

"Very narrow." He looked as though he grudged me my life most bitterly.

"It was an accident; though it broke out in two or three places at once, I can't think how it happened." And again he glared at me. "You can't, either, I suppose?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," I said faintly.

"It will be the ruin of me—of the firm—the complete ruin."

"You're not insured?"

"Yes, we're insured, but not for the full amount—not nearly—only for a trifle."

"And your brother—Mr. Nathan—is he safe?"

"He was, a moment ago. But he went back; I told him there was plenty of time to save some documents of value."

"And he's not been seen since?"

"No, not since. But it was only a moment ago. He's all right. Nathan knows what he's about?"

The horrid truth then burst upon me. The place had been set on fire for the sake of the insurance money, and I had been deceived to be a lodger and destroyed, in order to give a color to the proceeding. While this passed through my mind, Nathan Reklam made his appearance at the open private door. With a wild cry, Aaron rushed towards him, and shut the door. He wished to be sole beneficiary. The confusion was so great that few took heed of the brothers. Thick clouds of dust now mingled with the smoke. The crowd was driven further back by some yards. Even the firemen were forced to retreat.

The outer wall of the house had fallen.

I remember nothing more. I was found, as I afterwards learnt, stretched senseless upon the wet roadway, and was carried, upon the shoulders of friendly bystanders, to a neighboring tavern. There I remained some days in an alarming condition of exhaustion and delirium.

The Brothers Reklam were not again seen alive.

It was generally agreed that they had both perished in the fire of their own contriving—retribution had overtaken them in a terrible way. No trace of them was ever discovered in the ruins of the building. Nor were any relics found of the treasures that had once filled their premises to overflowing. My own belief was, and is, that these had been carefully and stealthily removed before the fire broke out.

Brief paragraphs in the newspapers were devoted to the "Serious Conflagration in Soho—Two Lives Lost." Nothing was ever said publicly, however, as to the suspicious nature of the occurrence.

At a later date, I was enabled to ascertain that Messrs. Reklam's house and its contents had been insured to a very large amount. Of the early history of the brothers, I could learn nothing. The firemen made no secret of their opinion that the fire was the result of design. The flames, they said, had been seen to burst forth simultaneously from three distinct parts of the house. Something also they did not hesitate to allege as to the employment of naphtha or turpentine to quicken the action of the fire. And they congratulated me, as I congratulated myself, upon my almost miraculous escape.

No relatives or representatives of the brothers ever appeared to claim the amount of the insurance money. No one, indeed, even ventured to own kindred with the departed Reklams. I have often been told that I knew more about them than anybody else. Well, I did not know much; but certainly, to my thinking, I knew enough.

Had any claim been made upon the policies, I was informed that the offices were fully prepared to resist it, simply on the ground of *fraud*, and of this, as in too many cases, there was held to be very sufficient evidence. I have exhausted, however, all my information on the subject.

## ABORIGINALS OF NEW MEXICO.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from New Mexico says: Passing a few miserable villages, in a few days we arrived at Santa Fé, the capital of the Territory, where we civilized for several days. It is a purely Mexican town; the few white sprinkles among the population exercising little or no influence upon the social habits of the former; but on the contrary, almost entirely conforming to their customs. Everybody, even the Governor lived in the dirty-looking adobe buildings; the whites either married or "friz to" the dark-eyed scorchies, and everything had settled down into much the same stolid, careless condition that they had with the crowd whom Noah surprised with such a copious shower-bath, some four thousand years since.

On Sunday everybody went to mass in the morning, and to cock-fights, horse-races, or free-and-easy fandangoes in the evening; and "wondered curious" at any one who thought there was anything wrong in such an anomaly. During the week the dignified little *burros*—their sole means of communication with the outside world—might be seen plodding their patient way into the town, laden with bundles of wood, gathered from the surrounding country, and which, I suppose, must have been exchanged for exceedingly bad whisky, for that was apparently the only other article of commerce to be found in the burg. It is a perfect lazy man's paradise, and I have often wished that I had settled there permanently.

Here we reorganized, dropping from our ranks a lot of whisky-bloated and bums, thereby reducing our fighting force to seventeen men, who were determined to see the Land of Promise, or sleep the sleep of the just. We then traveled on for several miles, when we came to the Rio Grande, down whose banks we passed to Albuquerque, a little town which is a twin sister to Santa Fé, and beyond which is an unbroken wild to Prescott, Arizona. Our route from this place was intended to be through Campbell's Pass, in the Rocky chain, to Fort Wingate; thence by way of the Little Colorado and San Francisco Mountains to Prescott.

We now found ourselves traveling through a tract of country occupied by those curious people the Aztecs. They are so different from any other Indians I have ever seen, that perhaps a little more than a passing notice of them may not be out of place here.

They are supposed to be, as is well known, the descendants of those invading armies of Aztecs, Toltecs, etc., that overran this country at several successive intervals in ages past, and finally subjugated it and married native women, from which cross the present inhabitants are thought to have sprung. The men are rather handsome than otherwise, but the women incline to corpulent, good-natured proportions. They are rather lighter in color than any pure-blood Indian I ever saw. They dress in a kind of half-Indian, half English manner, making the most of their clothing themselves. One clan of them had a very peculiar fashion among the females of wrapping the lower limbs below the knee with folds of cloth, which, while preserving the natural contour of the limb, are at least six inches in diameter, giving them a very conical, Puss-in-boots appearance. I do not know whether our belles would be willing to exchange a chignon or bustle for this "dark art" as a means of adornment, or not, but I am certain they would envy the magnificent lustrous raven tresses which some of these women possess, and of which they seem to be very proud. They wear their loosely floating over their shoulders, and take excellent care of them.

They are as far advanced in civilization here as Cortez found them to be in Old Mexico; living in comparatively well-built houses, cultivating the soil, rearing stock and sustaining close social and marital relations. One of their little villages, I remember, was built entirely of stone; all the houses two, and many of them three, stories in height. The lower story was invariably unoccupied; being reserved for the protection of their flocks in case of an attack from their hereditary enemies, the Navajos and Apaches. The lower story had no means of communication with the upper ones; the entrance to these being effected by means of a ladder, which could be drawn up in case of any danger. By this means they were enabled to convert their houses into genuine little fortresses, for defensive purposes. The windows were formed by solid plates of mica, taken from the neighboring mountains, and which, sparkling in the sunshine, gave their dwellings a very unique appearance. Loopholes were also provided through which they could fire upon any attacking foe. Their arms, like most of the Indians of these parts, consist of an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading rifle, supplemented by a heavy bow and arrows, with an occasional pistol. With these they have maintained sturdily their position for a long time against overwhelming odds in numbers of Navajos and Apaches.

Their religion is a simple and confiding faith in the appearance of a great King or Savior—Montezuma—who they believe will appear at some future time to lead his chosen people to great spiritual and temporal honors. He will come, so they believe, just as the rising sun darts his first rays from the far East, and will be mounted on a white horse of incredible speed. And, with a faith that should put to the blush that of many Christians, each night a solitary guard is mounted, which duty it is to watch for the first gray tokens of the dawning and sound a warning should Montezuma be discovered approaching, so that he shall not find his people asleep. Apart from this belief—which seems to be a strange commingling of, perhaps, old Jesuits, teachings and their own traditions—they have a deep reverence for the Sun, and hail his appearance each morning with renewed delight, as freeing them from the dangers of another eventful night. Fire, as the earthly representative of the Sun, seems also to be the object of a kind of familiar reverence.

They are habitually gentle, polite and brave; in short, are as totally different from their savage neighbors as day is from night. I remember once while passing through their country, that I happened to be alone, and came to a little stream some two feet in depth, which I desired to cross. Its water was icy cold, and I was standing on the brink dreading to wade over, when an old Aztec came up, took in the situation at a glance, and with an amused "Ugh!" picked me up in his arms like an infant and quietly deposited me upon the further shore. I offered him as a reward for his kindness a small fractional currency note, but



he had no idea of the value we heathens place upon these frail "equivalents," and politely declined. Seeing that I really wished to make him a present, he intimated that a piece of "tobac" would be acceptable to his palate; and I believe this the only time my life when I regretted not using the weed. I conveyed my antipathy to his taste in somewhat extravagant pantomime, and he bent upon me a mild, pitying glance, such as a tender-hearted missionary is supposed to bestow upon a benighted heathen, and passed on.

As an instance of their attachment to relatives may be given the following little incidents:

We encamped one evening near one of their villages, and, as it chanced, had chosen our location not far from a spot where was buried the wife of one of the villagers. We kept a guard mounted during the night, who reported that directly after nightfall a solitary Indian came to the little mound of stones with which the grave was covered, and remained the whole night through, keeping a lone vigil over the grave of his lost wife. In the morning he came to our campfire and warmed himself, but refused all offers of food or drink, seeming perfectly absorbed by the intensity of his grief.

Their respect for the name of Montezuma is very great, and they cannot bear any slighting allusions to him. One night, while we were encamped within the confines of Campbell's Pass, a couple of Aztecs, who had been out on a scout against the Navajoes, came and encamped with us for the protection our party afforded them. The conversation naturally turned upon this strange, half-civilized race, and their customs and belief, when several of the party grew witty over the expected coming of Montezuma, and indulged in several far-fetched jokes on the subject. Our visitors were not slow in finding out that he whom they worshiped was being spoken lightly and jestingly of, and their countenance showed plainly how much they felt the coarse sarcasm. Seeing this, I turned to them, and addressing them in a manner which assured them that I respected their religion, I asked, in Spanish, "So you worship Montezuma, do you?" The pleased, gratified "Si, señor," which sprang to both of their lips at once showed how deep-rooted was their affection for their hero-god. I was at once installed as their especial friend, and during their stay with us was the recipient of every little favor and mark of esteem that it was in their power to exhibit, they even making their rude couches as near as possible to where I cast my blankets on the ground for my night's repose. I had touched the key to the innermost recesses of their hearts—I had spoken kindly of Montezuma.

#### MARSHAL BAZAINE.

THE Russians have a tradition concerning the birth of François Achille Bazine, to the effect that Napoleon I. authorized four French officers to enter the service of Alexander I., for duty under the Institute of "Ways and Roads." One of these, named Bazine, discovered a young babe on his doorstep in the year 1811, which he adopted into his family; and on his return to France placed the boy in the charge of suitable preceptors, to be prepared for military life. François failed to enter the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and enlisted in the 37th Regiment of the Line as a private. In 1831 he was sent to Africa, the great training-field of French officers, and speedily won promotion, the distinction of Legion of Honor being conferred upon him four years later. He was captain of the battalion loaned by Louis Philippe to Queen Christina to fight the Carlists, and for three or four years was constantly engaging the enemy on Spanish soil. During the war with Russia, in 1854, he greatly distinguished himself, and at its close was made General of Division. In 1859 his division captured the cemetery at Solferino.

In 1862 Napoleon III. placed him second in command of the French troops sent to Mexico to support the unfortunate Maximilian, Marshal Forey being the chief. He succeeded the latter before withdrawing from American soil, and received various honors on his return to France, the *baton* of a Marshal being presented him in 1864. On the 13th of August, 1870, he was given the supreme command of the French army, then harassed by the Prussians. From that day to the 26th he strove by turns to break through the enemy's lines, then investing Metz, and to conquer the force of Prince Frederick Charles in stubborn battle. It was in attempting to rescue him that the army under MacMahon and the Emperor was so disastrously overthrown at Sedan. Napoleon surrendered to the Prussian King, MacMahon was laid up with wounds, and Bazine, with his troops, was virtually imprisoned in Metz. In the face of the "starving out" strategy adopted by the Prussians, Bazine held out until late in October, when he surrendered the last of the grand armies. On the restoration of peace he was arrested, and after a lengthy trial in the Palace of the Trianon was sentenced to death. His brother-Marshal, the President, commuted the punishment to twenty years' "seclusion" on the island of Sainte-Marguerite, whence he recently escaped through the assistance of his wife. We publish both their portraits in this issue.

#### CUSTER'S EXPEDITION.

##### INDIAN SCENES IN THE WEST.

THE recent disturbances between the Indians and whites of the Rocky Mountain country are exciting the fears of the frontier settlers. Custer's expedition to the Black Hills created a profound sensation among the savages. They do not know what it means. They fear the cannon of the palefaces. The journey was made on the Reservation which was set apart by the Government for the exclusive use and occupancy of the Indians, with the understanding that no military companies were to intrude—and in case of civil expeditions, consent was to be first obtained of the Indians, according to the specifications of the treaty. Sherman has given orders to burn all the wagons of private expeditions fitting out for that country. But, if the Government annuls the treaty, he will protect all who go thither. We give illustrations of Comanches and Arapahoes holding a council of war; of a scout surrounded by a party of Arapahoes; and of a band of Cheyennes going to their Reservation.

#### LOOKOUT PEAK, BLACK HILLS.

LAST week we gave sketches of interesting points in that singular country around Sherman, on the Union Pacific Railroad, known as the Black Hills. It is a high, broken region, with timber and frequent watercourses. In the valleys the grazing is good, but for everything save this, or hunting, the region is not inviting, except for geologists and reckless miners. We publish a picture of "Lookout Peak" which commands a wide view of the surrounding wilderness.

#### GOBLET PRESENTED BY THE WEST BALTIMORE SCHUETZEN SOCIETY.

AMONG the many shooting prizes presented at the recent International Schuetzen Festival held in Baltimore, Md., a goblet, which we illustrate, was given to the International Schuetzen Bund by the West Baltimore Schuetzen Society. It was manufactured by Mr. F. A. Greshoff, a Baltimore gold and silversmith. It is fourteen inches high and lined with gold. The cover is ornamented with a stag's head, and on either side are shields, on one of which is represented a target with two rifles crossed, and on the other a suitable inscription in German, to which is to be added the name of the fortunate winner. It is richly ornamented with branches of oak, and the leaves and acorns are delicately traced. The goblet was filled with fifty new trade dollars when presented.

#### WILLIAM BLACK, THE NOVELIST.

THIS young and distinguished writer is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and the son of a lawyer. He began his literary career as a writer on the staff of the *London Morning Star*, under the management of Justin McCarthy, a warm friend of America and its Government. Mr. Black's contributions were able, but not very vigorous for a political writer. He was next employed on the *News*, where he is now sub-editor. He married at twenty-one, but when he was only twenty-four years old his wife and child died. In his grief and seclusion he began to write novels, which have made him famous. "The Daughter of Heth" ranked him with the great novelists of the day. His recent novel, "A Princess of Thule," created much comment in England and this country. In this book his genius reached a high stage of development. He is modest about his literary successes, a charming talker, and about thirty years old. We give his portrait.

#### THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL MEDAL.

A FINE specimen of metal-work was recently finished at the Philadelphia Mint, under the direction of ex-Governor Pollock, Superintendent, and Engraver Barber, in honor of the late Professor Agassiz. It is a bronze medal, a little more than one and three-quarter inches in diameter, having on its obverse a magnificently executed likeness of the great scientist and his name, and on the reverse, the motto, "Terra Marique Ductor Indagatione Natura" ("Leader in the close investigation of nature on land and in the sea"), around a wreath of laurel, within which are the dates of his birth and death, a student's lamp burning, inverted torches, and crossed branches of cypress. The medal is one of the Mint series, and, as a memorial, is invaluable and beautiful. We give an illustration of it in this issue.

#### HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

FEW persons can realize the poverty and suffering which exist among the poor of the large cities. Those who were once respectable drink and lose their places until they become outcasts or beggars. Many are too lazy to work, if they could get it to do. But these people marry and have children the same as if they were millionaires. The little ones must be fed. Frequently they are sent in the streets to sell matches or beg. The poorest food is bought because the price is the cheapest. But really a half-starved person should have a better diet than one who lives in a warm, comfortable house. In the large cities there are places where second-hand food is sold—that is, the table-scraps of the hotels are bought and sold to the poor for a low sum. Our illustration represents one of these second-hand eating-saloons, on Alaska Street, in Philadelphia.

#### A FRENCHMAN ON GRANT.

A LATE number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains an article on Charles Sumner, from the pen of M. Auguste Laugel. The article contains the following account of a visit by the writer to General Grant's headquarters: "General Grant is a cold and silent man; he had given me a tent at his headquarters, but during my short stay I saw him only at the dinner, which was as short as a funeral. Hardly a word was uttered before him. I remember that one day an officer of his staff spoke of an attack prepared at the mouth of a river, and said that the bar at low tide was sixteen feet deep. Grant lifted up his head, 'Eighteen feet!' cried he, and nothing more was said. When I was ready to leave, I gave notice the day before, as was the rule; that day, after dinner, the General, who usually went back to his tent, did me the honor to ask me to take a short walk with him. It was near evening, in January. 'You brought me a letter from Sumner,' said he to me; 'I take no part in politics, yet some of the papers say that I belong to the Democratic Party. You can say to Sumner that I am, above all, the servant of the Union and of the Government; as to his friends, and especially himself, I esteem them sincerely. He does his work well in the Senate; I do mine, as well as I can, here, and very soon, I hope, we shall enter Richmond.' The Democratic Party was then building great hopes upon Grant, and were thinking of opposing him some day to Lincoln. These few words, uttered by him with the greatest simplicity, touched me more than they surprised me. I was confounded to receive such a mark of confidence from a man so chary of his words. At first cold, with a sort of timidity contracted in the solitudes of the West, austere in his life, in his dress, the indefatigable, the impassible Grant had been impressed, in my mind, with all the signs of command—as a living, tenacious, and inexorable will; one of those men with neither weakness nor bias; who are made to end a civil war, too deeply imbued with the principles of their race to think of ending it in any other way than for the benefit of law."

#### ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

FOR several months (says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*) there has been a scheme working which, until within a short time, has been brought to nothing at all tangible. There have been overtures to Eastern and Pacific Coast capitalists, but, as has been stated, nothing has come in the shape of results until recently. Within a few days, however, there have been developments that will warrant making the matter public. Since the adjournment of Congress, and for some little time before, a movement has been on foot for a Grangers' railway from "East to West." The agitators have been working hard, but in a quiet way, until now they think they "have a case." Yesterday a

meeting was held in this city, which was composed of Eastern, Western and Southern capitalists, and, in which there was great unanimity in the project. Whether the meeting was composed entirely of Grangers or not cannot be stated, so quiet was the matter kept. Indeed, it was not until a late hour last evening that the reporter learned that the gathering here had actually taken place. "There is abundant capital and all the influence necessary," the movers say, "to make the scheme a success, and no efforts will be spared." It is proposed to make a through double-track line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is not proposed, however, to construct it all the way, but by connections the projectors know they can get to accomplish their purpose. Whether the Boston scheme has anything to do with this cannot yet be learned, but it is believed that it has. Numerous "excursion" parties have been visiting Illinois lately, and it is given out that the object is to investigate into the feasibility of the matter. The gentlemen now here will remain several days, and will probably hold another meeting to-day, at which a delegation expected from the Pacific Coast may be present. It is noticeable that several of the Eastern railroad kings are in Chicago.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATIONS OF AIR.—Mr. Cunningham, of Calcutta, has published a work of great importance, detailing the results of laborious experiments made by himself regarding the dust contained in the atmosphere in the vicinity of that city. Among other things, he states that distinct infusorial animalcules, their germs or ova, are almost entirely absent from atmospheric dust. Distinct bacteria can hardly ever be detected, but fine molecules of uncertain nature are almost always present. Bacteria are frequently to be found in the air, derived from sewers. Spores and other vegetable cells are constantly present in atmospheric dust. The majority of them are living and capable of growth. No connection can be traced between the numbers of bacteria, spores, etc., and the occurrence of diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, ague, or dengue. The amount of inorganic and amorphous particles and other *dbris* directly depend upon moisture and wind velocity. The amount of spores and vegetable cells appears to be independent of wind and moisture. The dust examined by Mr. Cunningham was collected by a special aeroscope, and was not scraped from horizontal quiescent surfaces, as by Ehrenberg's method.

DANGERS OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.—Nitro-glycerine is a thick, colorless oil, and appears to be as harmless, to look at, as lard oil or petroleum. Not long since, in Jersey City, a gentleman and lady were taking a moonlight stroll on the heights, in the vicinity of one of the shafts of the new Delaware and Lackawanna Railway Tunnel. The man saw on the ground the glimmer of a small tin tube, picked it up, and slipped it from one hand to the other, when a terrific explosion ensued. His eyes were destroyed, his flesh lacerated, his limbs broken, while his lady companion was dreadfully injured. It was a discarded nitro-glycerine tube, such as are used in blasting, and is supposed to have been thrown away by workmen at the tunnel shaft. In Parker City, Pa., recently, a young man was carting six cans of nitro-glycerine over a rough road in a wagon, when, from some cause, which will never be explained, it exploded. The man, horse and cart were literally blown to pieces. The man's head and part of his breast were found three hundred feet distant, having been blown over the tops of the highest trees. Fragments of his limbs were scattered in different directions, and his right hand was found half a mile from the spot. Even the horse's shoes were torn from his feet.

AN INDIAN MEDICINE SPRING.—Among the medicine productions of California, none have within a short space of time attained such an enviable reputation as her mineral waters. Of course it is often the case that the springs become familiar to the public through some accidental cause, resulting from the play of the imagination rather than the medicinal effects of the water, but it still must be conceded that many of the springs are great reconstructionists. A spring that has lately sprung to a high position in public opinion is the Agua Viva, the old Indian spring of Little Lake, Mendocino County. It has been long known for its healing qualities; but, on account of the cost of transportation and difficulty in getting it to market, no measures have ever been taken to introduce it. These difficulties have not yet been entirely overcome, yet H. I. Morton, the proprietor of the spring, has determined to ship its waters hither, and have a practical test of its efficacy with a view to the expansion of the enterprise. An analysis of the water of this spring, made by L. Langweert, a distinguished chemist, gives the following result: Chloride of sodium, 62; borate of soda, 11.76; carbonate of lime, 7.20; carbonate of iron, 2.08; silica alumina, 6.24; free boracic acid, 10; grains of solid matter to the gallon, 99.28. The water is very palatable.

ICE IN PARIS.—A few years ago the use of ice was hardly known in Paris, but now the Parisians are in a fair way to emulate even New Yorkers as to this article of consumption. There are in the French capital about twenty or twenty-five *cafés* called of the "first order." These use each about 200 pounds of ice every day. The second-rate *cafés*, to the number of two hundred or three hundred, take about 1,000 pounds, and the smaller fry of these establishments use 400 pounds of ice. In addition to that consumption the quantity of ice taken by the restaurants and private houses, the figure of 800,000 pounds represents very nearly the whole daily consumption of ice in Paris. Some few *cafés* manufacture their own article, through special apparatuses, and a small amount of ice is drawn from Switzerland. But the largest quantity comes from Sweden, Denmark, and especially from the Norwegian morasses, or ponds. The schooners laden with ice land at Abbeville, Dieppe, or Havre, whence their cargo is shipped by rail to Paris. Only a few of these vessels go up the Seine to the very quays of Paris, because the river is too circuitous, and the distance therefore too long from Havre to the French capital, independently of the many bridges under which the masted schooners would have to pass, especially up the river between Rouen and Paris.

LEARNED JAVA BIRDS.—The Baltimore *American* gives the following account of a troupe of trained Java sparrows and paroquets now exhibiting in the streets of that city: "When a suitable place is found, a circular table is opened and the birds are all turned loose upon it; they manifest no fear at the crowd, and do not offer to escape. The performance consists of ringing bells, trilling small wheeblarrows, slackwise walking, fringing off pistols, dancing, swinging each other in small swings, an excellent imitation of a trapeze performance, and a number of other equally interesting tricks. The most wonderful part of the performance, however, is done by a paroquet. This bird walks to the centre of the table, and, after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and any one in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell-rope and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception, the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses; and his owner

states that he has worked nearly a year to get this bird to strike up to thirty; but it appears that his memory gives out at that point, and it is unable to count further. A collection is, of course, taken up after each exhibition."

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BEN BUTLER is worth \$250,000.

THE Iceholders are emigrating to Alaska.

QUEEN ISABELLA is to be sued by her Paris butcher.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's last wife is a good-looking Irish woman.

BISMARCK was presented a shirt of mail, and he wore it when he was shot at.

A lady barber has been driven out of Dubuque by the married ladies of that place.

MR. MOTLEY, the historian, has been the guest of the Queen of Holland at the Hague.

WILLIAM B. ANTOR will leave the world \$70,000,000 when he dies, if he has no accidents.

FRANK MOULTON has been offered by some Maine speculators \$1,000 to lecture for five nights.

LORD EDMUNTON has paid \$525,000 for two estates containing about 650 acres in Cheshire, England.

It is said that the French government has no thought of demanding the extradition of Marshal Bazaine.

"PRESIDENT" HARTKRAFT sounds well.—*Pittsburg Commercial*. Well, if it has a Ring about it.—*Boston Post*.

MRS. TILTON and Mrs. Ovington, of Brooklyn, have been camping out at Lake Wauramung, near Bridgeport, Conn.

THE English papers say that "Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, has left" property for various benevolent purposes.

MISS SMILEY, the Quaker revivalist, holds daily prayer-meetings at Saratoga. She owns a little cottage in the village.

MISS MITCHELL, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, proposes to lecture on the "Geography of the Celestial Spheres."

MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, an editorial writer of the *New York Tribune*, is gathering materials for a new novel in North Carolina.

SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, was in Paris the other day, with a large party of personal friends from Springfield.

TWO English ladies were suspected of complicity in Bazaine's escape, and the gendarmes have ingeniously insulted every English lady in France.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON lives in Charlotte, N. C. She is quite young, between twenty-five and thirty, of medium height and pleasing manners.

EDITORS in Constantinople are having a hard time. The Government has suspended most of the newspapers for telling the truth and publishing the news.

THE Rev. T. A. Goodwin, author of "The Mode of Man's Immortality," is to be tried before a Methodist tribunal for doubting the resurrection of the material body.

BELGIAN coal operators have presented a sum of \$10,000 to the children of the late M. Mucselier, who invented the safety-lamp used in the coal mines in Belgium.

GRACE GREENWOOD denies that she had said Mr. Beecher had too many nightgowns. And Moulton says that George Alfred Townsend lied in his report of his interview with him.

JAMES T. FIELDS has added the following subjects to his list of lectures for the coming season: "Keats and Shelley," "De Quincey, the English Opium Eater," "Longfellow," and "Wordsworth."

BEECHER has engaged to deliver a series of lectures. They will be delivered in October and November, and are so arranged that he will be in Brooklyn every Friday evening and over Sunday, after the second week of October.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, the English "swell" Radical, is losing health. He and his wife were cut by society on account of his extreme views, and the Conservative tack on which Sir Charles is now sailing is said to be his wife's work.

MURAT HALSTEAD, editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, has written some letters from Iceland, but that is no reason why he should quote Byron, as saying:

"Roll on thou dark and beautiful blue ocean, roll;  
Ten thousand waves sweep over thee in vain."

DON PIATT, a Tilton man, says: "Our mutual friend, Mr. Frank Moulton, committed a foolish act when he bearded the Beecherites in their sanctified den. Let Frank be patient and stand aside. He will have the satisfaction of seeing Plymouth Church drop to pieces."

COLONEL FORNEY writes of his visit to Stratford last month: "The Americans were in force at Shakespeare's house and grave. The English were few. No French, no Dutch, no Italians, and few Germans. Nearly all Yankees—keen, sharp, cultured, generous and grateful."

SPEAKING of Bazine's wife, who helped him to escape, the *Paris Register* says: "Such devotedness and heroism will not only serve to elevate still higher, if possible, the character of her sex, but will shed something of romance around one of the most pitiable and humiliating episodes of French history."

THE Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg has bestowed the "Order of Merit for Art and Science" on Nilsson, and also the "Order of the Coburg House" (Knight of the Second Class) on Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the English composer. Both have been staying at Coburg, guests of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

THE Rochester *Democrat* says: "FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL has a line double-breasted picture of Theodore and Elizabeth as they used to be before the wolf entered the fold. It makes one weep to look at it and think of the what has been, what ought to be, and what is; and regret that the gentle couple couldn't have died in their innocence and beauty."

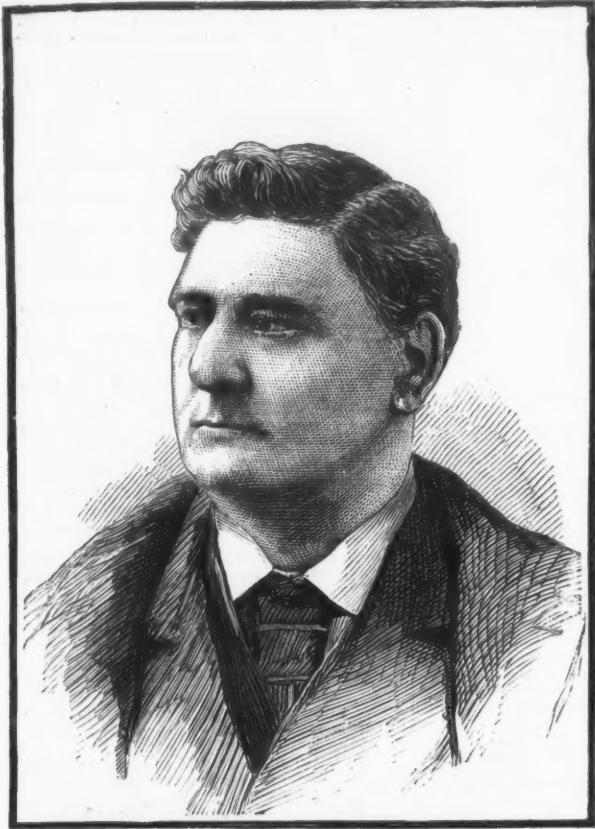
JOHN, a Scottish hermit, has just emerged from a life of solitude among the Franklin Hills of Massachusetts. He is a little over fifty years old, and with plenty of ruddy gray hair on head and face. He lived in a cave in an immense wall of granite. He enlarged the cave by heating the rock and dashing cold water against it, so that it is now about twenty feet square, and in one place eight feet high.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the discoverer of ancient Troy, has been condemned by the Arcopagus to pay to the Turkish Government the value of those Trojan treasures, which have disappeared, and three professors of the Athenian University have been appointed as experts to estimate the amount to be paid by examination of the photographs taken before the treasures were "lost." This is a sharp trade on Schliemann's part, as the archaeological element of value will scarcely enter into the estimate, though it is certainly ten times greater than the gold value.



## MARK SMITH, THE ACTOR.

THE death of this distinguished comedian, whose portrait we give, was unexpected. He died in Paris, of apoplexy, on the 11th of August. He was the son of a well-known actor, "Old Sol Smith," and was born in New Orleans, January 5th, 1829. At twenty he began life there as a comedian, and made his first appearance at the St. Charles Theatre, as *Diggory*, in "Family Jars." He afterwards obtained an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, where he gained a reputation and many friends. In 1857 he



THE LATE MARK SMITH, THE ACTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.



LOOKOUT PEAK, BLACK HILLS.—SEE PAGE 27.

began an engagement in Philadelphia, and for a long period he starred through the principal cities of the Union as a comedian of high talent. He opened the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, in July, 1863. Three years later he became a joint lessee of the New York Theatre. In 1869 he went to England, but quickly returned to New York to act as stage manager at Edwin Booth's new theatre. In 1870 Mr. Smith again visited England to fulfill an engagement at the St. James Theatre, London, under Mrs. John Wood's management. He was about returning to this country to fill a theatrical position in St. Louis when he died. On Tuesday,



SILVER GOBLET PRESENTED BY THE WEST BALTIMORE SCHUTZEN SOCIETY TO THE INTERNATIONAL SCHUTZEN BUND.—SEE PAGE 27.



THE PRISON LIBRARY AT THE TOMBS, NEW YORK CITY, ESTABLISHED BY MISS LINDA GILBERT.

September 1st, a memorial meeting of actors was held in Booth's Theatre, New York. The attendance was large. Lester Wallack presided. Appropriate resolutions, offered by Mr. Oakley Hall, were passed, and arrangements made for holding funeral services in Dr. Houghton's church (The Little Church Around the Corner), on the arrival of the body from Europe.

## A LIBRARY IN THE NEW YORK TOMBS.

DOWN in the Tombs Prison, just across from Murderers' Row, is a library. Its shelves contain 1,500 volumes of choice literature. They are well bound, covered with brown cambric, and numbered. The title of each volume is entered in the Librarian's book. The windows of the little room look out on a garden with a fountain playing in the centre of its flower-beds. All around are the massive walls of the prison. Warden Quinn beautifies the garden; the Librarian carries the key of the library; but it was founded through the efforts of the wealthy and accomplished philanthropist, Miss



MR. WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE" AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.—PAGE 27.



MEMORIAL MEDAL TO PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.—SEE PAGE 27.



MISS LINDA GILBERT, PHILANTHROPIST.





HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.—A SECOND-HAND MEAT SALOON IN ALASKA STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 27.



Linda Gilbert. For fifteen years she has labored to improve the condition of the prisons and houses of detention throughout the country. Her ambition has been to establish a library in every county jail in the United States, and thousands of volumes have been placed in prisons in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. She has spent her fortune freely, and visited every institution for the detention and punishment of criminals in the country. She has also succeeded in procuring more than three hundred and fifty released prisoners situations on farms, some of whom have been in their homes three or four years.

The Tombs Library was opened with appropriate ceremonies last March. The top row of books was purchased with money sent by Edward S. Stokes from Sing-Sing. Above the glass doors are painted these words: "Gilbert Library, for the benefit of the inmates, 1874." The room was formerly used as a consultation-room for prisoners and their lawyers. It is light, cheerful and well ventilated. On a small centre-table is a bust of Shakespeare. A large, costly Bible, with the words in gilt, "Gilbert Library, New York Tombs," lies on the table. Pictures, wreaths of evergreens and baskets of flowers beautify the place. Over the entrance are the lines:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

On the right of the room, in a frame, is this inscription: "Intemperance has caused the fall of many king."

The following rules are posted on the inside corner of every book: "I. A book may be retained one week; but a second volume cannot be taken until the first has been returned. II. Persons taking out books must be careful not to mark or soil the same in any way; if they violate this rule they forfeit the privileges and benefits of the Library. III. In reading, as in everything, remember not how much, but how well, you read. It is better to read little and think more than to read much and think little."

Miss Gilbert's work is a noble one, and it should receive every encouragement. Those having books to spare, or money to buy them with, may send contributions to the Rev. Dr. Deems, Church of the Strangers, No. 4 Winthrop Place, New York City; or to Miss Linda Gilbert, No. 40 West Twenty-seventh Street, New York City. We give a picture of the Tombs Library. It is Miss Gilbert's intention to found libraries for the benefit of Ludlow Street Jail, the House of Detention, and the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

#### FUN.

A KANSAS rocking chair broke down the other Sunday night, severely injuring a young lady, and breaking a young man's leg.

When a man nearly breaks his neck in trying to get out of the way of a "lightning bug," supposing it to be the headlight of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

A MAN who respects his wife and family will never tell a lie when any one asks him how he got that scar on his face, but will explain how "a stick of wood flew up, you know."

A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was purchased, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

"MAMMA," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

MR. GREELEY did not invent the phrase "Go West," as is generally supposed. The original of the remark was when Ruth said (many years ago): "Where thou go West I will go."

A COXSWAIN in Delaware, while holding an inquest on a body, summoned eighteen women and made them tell their ages, and now his midnight dreams are interrupted by folks shooting through his doors.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won an old turkey at a charity raffle, did not like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the Shakers gave it to him.

A "BIG INDIAN" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked if he was lost. "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost!" Striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

"NEVER bet on a horse-race, my son. It is wrong to bet, and, besides, the horse that ought to win is likely, in nine out of ten cases, to be jockeyed to the rear. Do not bet at all, my son; but, if you bet on horses, get acquainted with the riders in advance of the contest, and see how the thing is coming out."

THE editor of the *Clarkville Tobacco Leaf* has written for his paper a story entitled "The Spirit of Croly Place," which he is printing in weekly installments. The heroine is named Emelvie. Emelvie is a sweet, sweet name. If we could find a girl named Emelvie we should love her to death. Or if we didn't we'd murder her in some other way. —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"WHAT is love, Nannie?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word to its spiritual sense. "Hoot, hoot, hoot!" answered Nannie, blushing to the e'en-holes, "dunno ask me sic a daffike question; I'm sure ye ken as well as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

In a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question: "If you buy a cow for ten dollars..." "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars, the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

MR. STOCKING is the leading Conservative candidate for the Governorship of Nebraska, and the funny men are after him. One says his name is received with Hosannah. Another thinks his party has got a shiner thing. His opponents call him a darned old humbug, but acknowledge they can't pull him off. On the whole, we think it will prove that somebody has put his foot in it.

"WHAT is this for?" asked the colored porter at a Long Branch hotel the other day, holding out a twenty-five cent note given him by the gentleman addressed for carrying up his trunk. "That," said the gentleman, taking the note and putting it back in his pocket, "was for your trouble, and this is for your impudence," and he kicked him eleven feet nine inches and a half into the hallway.

SIDNEY SMITH was once visiting the conservatory of a young lady who was proud of her flowers, and used (not very accurately) a profusion of botanical names. "Madame," said he, "have you the Septennis pro-fassia?" "No," she said, very innocently, "I had it last Winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it came out beautifully in the Spring." Septennis pro-fassia is the medical name for the seven years' itch.

DESCRIPTION OF A FISH LADDER.—B. B. Redding, one of the Fish Commissioners, has furnished a description of a fish-ladder for publication which will be read with general interest by all who are interested in pisciculture. A fish-ladder is ordinarily so simple and inexpensive an affair that it would seem that men owning dams would, if informed, construct them without the requirements of a compulsory statute. A good fish-ladder, for use in our mountain streams, is made in the form of a long box, of plank, open at both ends, four feet wide and three feet high. One end of the box is fastened at the top of the dam, the other end is extended to and fastened in the centre of the pool below the dam. In the inside of the box, and fastened on its bottom, are pieces of plank about four feet apart, placed transversely, and called "rises." Each rise is about a foot high. These rises do not extend from side to side of the box, but only two-thirds across. To illustrate: If the first rise is fastened on the side of the box, at a right angle to its side, it will extend thirty inches across the box; the next, four feet above, will be fastened on the left side of the box and extend thirty inches across it, and so on, alternately, until the top is reached. The water passing into the top of this box is caught by these rises and diverted right and left by them until it reaches the stream below. The fish coming up the stream to the dam seek and explore every crevice and opening where water is passing. If the lower end of the fish-way is placed near the centre of the pool below the dam, they readily find it, and immediately enter it.

MANY who visited Saratoga this season for the first time join with the regular habitues in praising the efficacy of the Geyser Spring. The beautiful drive thither from the hotels, and the grand sight of the natural fountain, effervescent with gases, spouting high in the air, are familiar to all who have been to the Springs; and many are the cases of bottles that will bring health and pleasant memories of Saratoga to the Winter fireside.

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STUTTERING—NO CURE, NO PAY. DR. WHITE, of the U. S. Stammering Institute, will reopen, October 1st. Address, Station F, New York.

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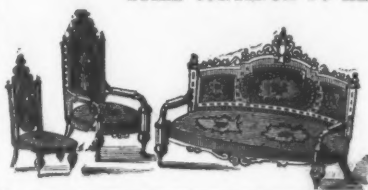
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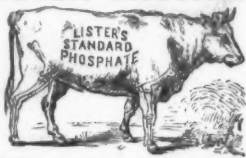
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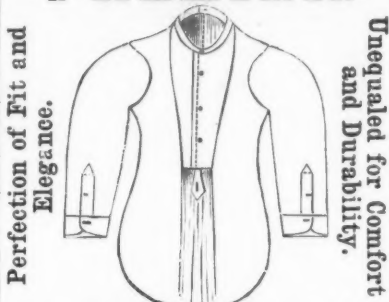
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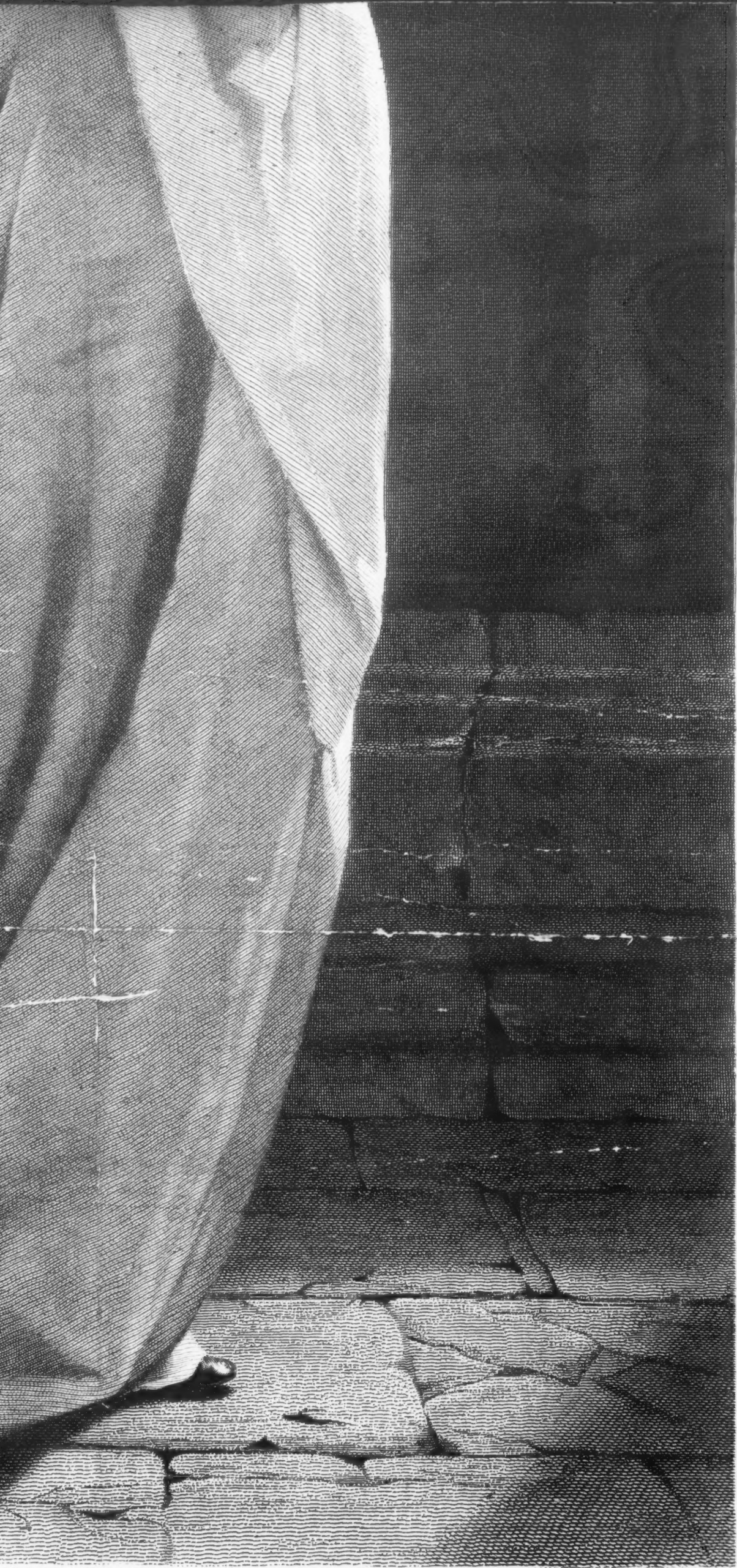




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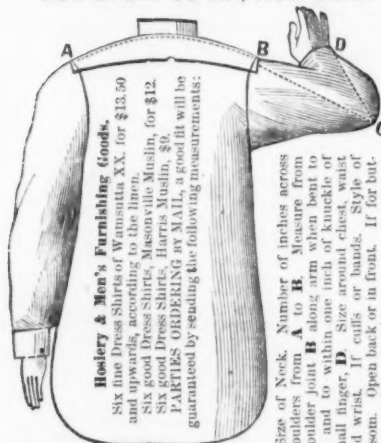
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